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IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Oh, you who from the city
A trip cannot afford,
Just listen to the ditty
Of one, who—more's the pity—
Obtained "good country board."

Before your life is periled,
Pray learn a lesson solemn
From me and my friend Gerald:
Place no faith in the *Herald*,
Its advertising column.

For 'twas there that we first found out
That this "divine abode,"
From which the heat was bound out,
Existed close to Roundout,
On the Hudson River road.

The city's endless riot,
Its bustles and its whirls,
Made us long for something quiet,
Good, wholesome country diet
And pretty country girls.

'Tis a pleasant thing (in fancy)
Some village belle to woo;
To weave love's necromancy
Around Miss Jane or Nancy,
And have her trust in you.

To walk in shady places—
Oh! this, indeed, were bliss!—
When love the swift hours chases,
And the sweetest of sweet faces
Is close enough to kiss.

We from our landlord parted
Without sincere regret,
And up the river started.
We were two cheerful hearted
And hopeful boys. You bet!

We smelt the bloom of clover,
We snuffed the odorous breeze,
We trod the emerald cover
That nature places over
The earth, man's eyes to please.

But when we saw the nookery,
I'll own our hopes grew thinner;
The house was but a rookery,
And—blazes take the cookery!—
They gave us hash for dinner!

Our bed-rooms were both heated
By the kitchen and by nature.
The beds were cotton-sheeted,
And in them were secreted
Some bugs—an ugly feature.

The charges were outrageous—
We soon learned, by the way,
That York prices are contagious.
Had we not been most courageous
We'd have left on the first day.

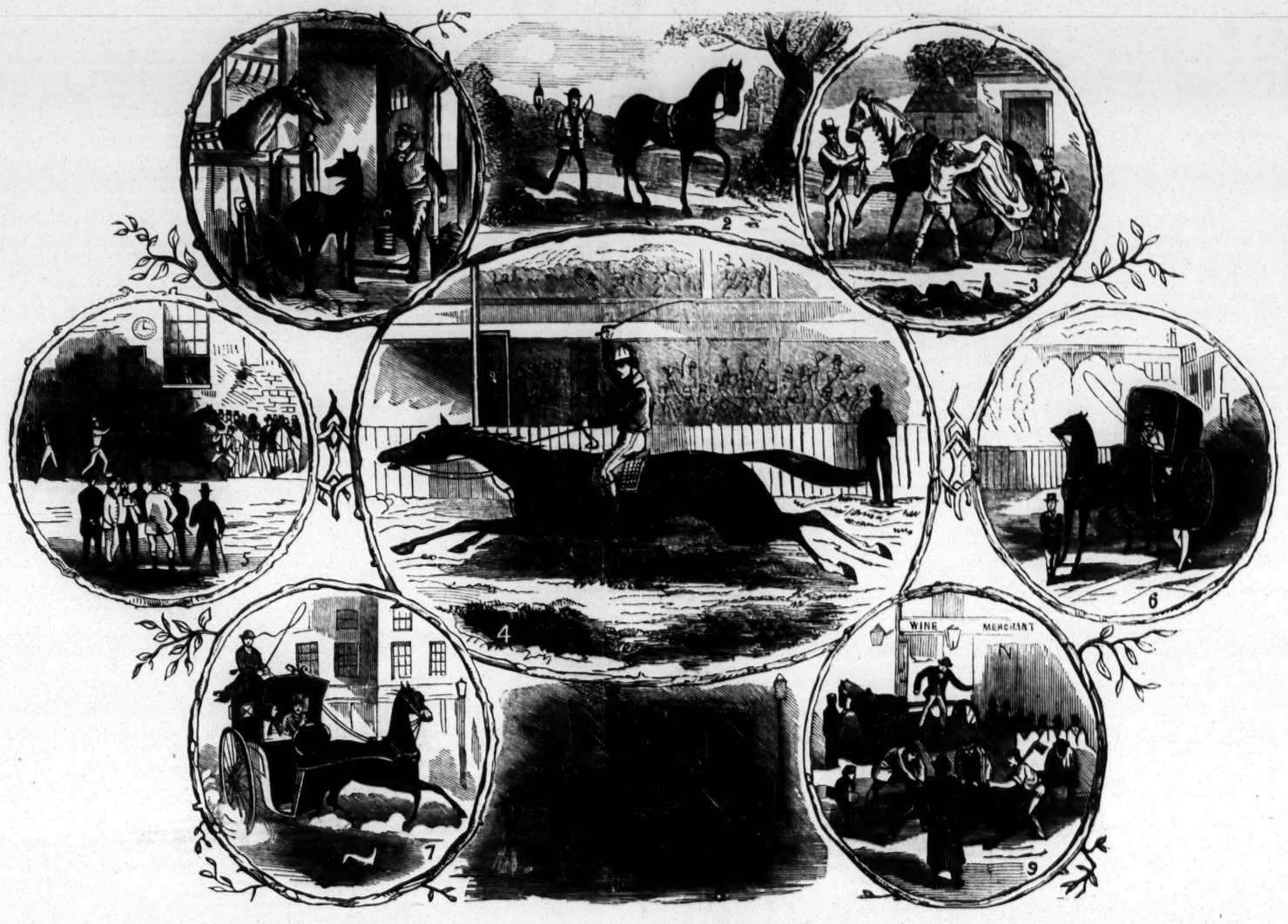
The mosquitoes were the boldest
That ever waged a war;
The old maids were the oldest,
The young girls were the coldest,
You'd find in searching far.

Only one was pretty and pure—
A brown-eyed little dear—
But when I talked sweet to her,
Her vulgar country wooer
Threatened to "bust" my ear.

I didn't want it "busted,"
So I left her there and then,
And we came away disgusted,
Disheartened and mistrusted,
But sadder and wiser men.

Now you who in the city,
With a smile, maybap a frown,
Chance to read my rambling ditty,
Not in envy but in pity,
Think of those who're out of town.

H. J. D.



THE LIFE OF AN ENGLISH RACE HORSE.

1. THE COLT. 2. THE FIRST STEP. 3. STRIPPING FOR THE RACE. 4. THE RACE. 5. SOLD. 6. IN A CABRIOLET. 7. IN A HANSOM. 8. IN A NIGHT CAB. 9. FOR THE KNACKER.

For description see article on another page.

SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS.

A TALE OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

PART THE THIRD.

CHAPTER XIV—CONTINUED.

What interest would their priceless relics have had to a mind like his? And the weather having cleared, he strolled up the Calton Hill. The view from thence, all tinged with the mingled charms of cloud and sunshine, of blue sea and autumn tinted land, he did condescend to approve, and pronounced it "stunning;" but he saw it from a business point of view after all, for as he looked upon the spires of the jail, and away across the roofs and spires to Arthur's Seat, the only thought that entered his mind was what a good background the hills and crags made, and what a capital "set" could be made out of the buildings in front for a "sensation scene."

Strolling round again till he overlooked the Forth, with its blue waters sparkling in the fitful sunshine, he came upon an old gentleman leaning upon an umbrella, and looking across to the Fife shore. It was an earnest, familiar gaze which he threw across the water; the look of one who knew the view well, but who would never tire of seeing it—as if he were looking at what was familiar to him from boyhood. He was quite old, near seventy, Barton fancied; his hair, which he wore rather long, as if he were slightly vain of its silkiness, was carefully brushed, and was as white as snow.

His face was slightly hard in its outline, but not unpleasant, and he had the clear complexion and rosy cheeks so often seen in the old age of a simple, uneventful country life. Altogether he was a very pleasant old gentleman to look upon, as upright as a dart, though very slight and small. He was dressed in black, and appeared like a clergyman, though his clothes bore token of careful preservation, as if a new suit were somewhat of an event. He looked at James Barton as he came up—a quick, expressive glance, as if his keen grey eyes were in the habit of taking the measure of every new acquaintance, and said cheerily:—

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning," returned Barton, mentally adding, "a parson, as I'm a sinner."

"Stranger in Edinburgh?" said the little old man.

"Only came this morning."

"Ah, then this is your first walk here. Glorious, isn't it?"

He spoke with sufficient accent to pronounce him Scotchman, and with the bearing of an educated man and a gentleman.

"Do you know I know every tree and house that we can see, almost. I was born in Edinburgh and I don't live very far off now, and I feel as if I could never come here too often."

"It's a lovely prospect," said Barton, inwardly thinking the old gentleman excessively simple. "As you know it so well will you point out Kinghorn to me? Can you see it from here?"

"See Kinghorn! Point it out! Ha! ha! I should think I could. Why, my dear sir, I've lived there nearly forty years."

Barton started. Here, at the very beginning of his search in Scotland, he had accidentally fallen in with some one who would very likely be able to give him some information.

"Then you *ought* to know it well," he said.

"I do," returned the little old gentleman; "and I love it as well as I know it. That's it straight across from where we stand. No, not there, where the steamer's going to, that's Burnt Island; here, further to the right."

"Thank you," Barton replied, looking across the Forth with interest at the little village, the scene of so much that was of importance to him to find out. "Perhaps, as you have been resident there so long, you can tell me something about the place. Am I right in supposing you a clergyman?"

"Quite; I am the minister of the Free Church there, a very small congregation, but we manage to keep together—my name is Ferguson."

"And mine is Barton. I have come expressly from London to make inquiries respecting the birth of two children who were born in the village under peculiar circumstances."

"Two children! how long ago?"

"Twenty or twenty-one years; they are both believed dead by their parents, but I have reason to believe that they are both alive. One, I am almost sure I have discovered, and if family likeness and family marks go for anything I am certain of the other."

"Marks?"

"There is a distinguishing mark in the noble family to which I believe they belong, and this young girl has it with singular distinctness."

"And the girl?"

"Is called at present Margaret Ross, but I have every reason to believe her true name is—"

"Matthews?"

"The same; you know them, then?"

"I did; James Matthews is dead. He died in Camperton. Maggie is an orphan, or worse. The mother—"

"Was fished out of the mud of the Thames three days since, my dear sir, where she had lain a week at least. Maggie Matthews is an orphan as far as that man and his wife are concerned, though I have good grounds for supposing she has both father and mother. There must have been some blunder on that night of confusion; I am certain of it."

"Not that night," said the old clergyman, looking earnestly at his new companion. "If I were sure that poor woman were dead."

"She is dead, be sure of it; I saw her drawn from the river myself. Margaret Ross saw it; twenty others saw it as well as I, who could attest the fact."

"I could say something which till now I always fancied was an hallucination on the part of the woman that wrote, or rather dictated it; but this is hardly the time or place, and it has come upon me so suddenly that I feel quite bewildered. Will you call on me this evening? Say seven o'clock, at Mrs. M'Pherson's, 100 Clark street, and I will show you what I have spoken of. If, as you say, your business is entirely respecting these children?"

"Entirely; I came from London to follow up a clue I obtained by accident; to see an old woman in the infirmary here, who seems to know something about it. I do not even know her name, but from what I have gathered she must have been an official in the poorhouse at Perth about twenty years since, at the time of a very serious accident on the railroad near there."

"I remember; one or two of the sufferers were from our neighborhood, from Kirkcaldy—that town further on; you can see the end of it from here; the rest is hidden in the bay."

"Yes, and one of those twin children (the other was supposed to be dead before) was missing after the catastrophe, claimed, as I now know, by a showman for his own purposes. This old woman, who was in the infirmary here a fortnight since, holds a proof of the child's identity—she was in the accident ward, from what I gather—and was deemed insane, but mad or not she knows the importance, if not the worth, of her long kept secret."

"And how did you learn all this, if I might ask the question?" said Mr. Ferguson, eyeing his companion keenly.

"Hum—ha! that I'm not quite at liberty to say at present," returned James Barton, wincing a little. "Anyhow, this much information I have, and shall be glad of any more that I can obtain. I will do myself the pleasure of calling on you again—100 Clark street, seven o'clock. Thank you," and lifting his hat to the old gentleman, they parted.

He went his way to the infirmary, and managing to pacify the porter, who couldn't understand a person's wanting to see any one whose name he didn't know, he got in, and by means of inquiries and reference to Mrs. Thomas' letter, he at length discovered the person he wanted to find.

She was a wizened old woman, with a very weak hand and a wandering eye, but quite sane enough to bear questioning. She was not disposed to be communicative, especially to a stranger, standing much upon her dignity, and regarding Mr. Barton very suspiciously; but the nurse perfectly remembered the visit of the showman's wife, and what had passed, and that aided matters considerably. The woman who had occasioned that visit was gone, and the old dame had been removed to another ward.

"You see, sir, she's going to the asylum," the nurse said for information. "We're only waiting orders; she's quite well in her health, but not in her mind; she takes very spiteful fits sometimes: 'gainst that woman from the show, now, she was very vicious. Don't say anything to her about shows."

"That's the very thing I want to talk about. I want to see something she professes to have that belonged to the child she says the showman stole. Perhaps you can manage it better than me," he continued, "you are more used to her; if you can get a sight of whatever it is for me, I'll pay you handsomely."

"I'll try, sir, replied the woman, looking towards the patient, who sat visibly irritated and scowling at her visitor; but she's a queer tempered old body."

The woman had a good deal of tact, and she managed remarkably well; she led her to talk of the time when she was a nurse herself, and came by degrees, very slow ones as it seemed to the listener in his impatience, to the accident at Perth and the arrival of the baby at the workhouse. It's dress she described minutely, and the locket which she had seen in John Thomas' hand was accurately remembered. She went through her story with great glee when she got warmed to it, as illustrative of the bad qualities of showmen as a race, and finished up by saying, with imbecile pleasure—

"But I've got something—I've got something."

"Ah, you were cleverer than the lot of them put together," said the nurse. "And you've kept it all this time?"

"Yes, and when I die it's going to be put in my coffin, and then nobody'll get it till I choose, and when I do I'll come back with it myself."

"Mercy on us!" the nurse exclaimed, "tell us what it is, Betty."

"Sha'n't."

"Do, now."

"No," with great importance; "it's not for the likes of you to handle."

"Well we won't touch it."

"I don't know that," she said, sharply. "You think I'm daft, but I'm not. It's not to be seen till I like to show it."

"You needn't be a bit afraid; the gentleman only wants to see it. Nobody's going to touch it; only let us look at it and you shall have—"

"Tea and sugar, and snuff and tobacco, and a silk gown, and a bottle of whiskey?" struck in the patient rapidly and inquiringly.

"Tell her yes," whispered Barton, smiling at the medley of requests so instantly presented. "She can have 'em all, I suppose?"

"All but the last," the nurse said with a smile. "She's had far too much of that in her life already."

The promises were made, and Betty, after much preamble and unloosening of her dress, produced a small black case from her bosom. This she unripped, for it was sewn all round, and laid its contents on the table.

"That's not it," she said, reverently laying aside a withered sprig; "that keeps off the rheumatics; and that's not it—that's for drowning. There."

She unfolded a soft article, and, keeping tight hold of it, reached it towards them. It was an infant's shirt, yellow with age and dropping into holes from constant folding, but it was of the finest cambric and trimmed with rare lace and bore in delicate tracery the name of Dornton, a date and a coronet.

Mr. Barton looked at it attentively, and by cajoling the poor, half demented old body, managed to touch it, even though she kept tight hold at the same time. It was enough, however; the name and date were sufficiently legible, and he held another link in the chain he was so earnestly striving to complete.

"I hope she won't make away with it in any way," he said to the nurse in a low tone as he released the little garment.

"No fear of that, sir," she replied; "she sets too much store by it; see, she's putting it up already."

She was sewing up her parcel again, grumbling sorely at having had to undo it, but was mollified somewhat at the sight of a new half crown, bright and shining, which the gentleman had taken in charge at the coffee house and which he presented to her with much ceremony.

"Anybody would see he was a gentleman with half an eye," she avowed emphatically, at which compliment he laughed and took his leave, after having brought the nurse to the same opinion by a similar *douceur* judiciously administered.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DOCTOR'S PROMISE—AT 100 CLARK STREET—THE NURSE'S CONFESSION—FURTHER JOURNEYINGS—JEM WATKIN'S RECOLLECTIONS—THE CORAL CLASPS—HOME AGAIN.

Mr. James Barton was much disappointed that he could not by any stratagem that he or the attendant could think of, obtain possession of the relic which the old demented poorhouse nurse had stored so long, but he had seen it, had touched it, had heard how she obtained it; and that was a great deal. He had a few minutes' conversation with the resident doctor respecting her, and explained to him that her evidence would be most important in the event of an inquiry.

"She goes from us to the asylum to-morrow," the doctor replied; "her health is quite restored and she cannot stay any longer. We have kept her here too long already; but it was unavoidable under the circumstances. She is certainly insane, but her madness does not extend to all topics; it is intermittent, if I may so express myself."

"Then you think her evidence may be relied upon. Maniacs are capable of great invention sometimes."

"Sometimes, but that is generally when they have been previously of superior mental capacity. I should think her rather low in the scale. Depend upon it her story is true. I will give you the exact address of the place where she is going, and request the doctor, whom I know well, to keep an eye upon her. She might take it into her poor, crazy head to destroy whatever she possesses, though I don't think that's likely."

"And then her word would be nothing," said Barton, in alarm. "It is only a rag she has; a thing she could tear to pieces or burn in a moment, if she got the chance; but it is of the utmost importance to me. I hope she won't do that, whatever she does."

"She will not, unless she is teased; I think you may be pretty safe upon the point. If you will give me your address, I shall be most happy to let you know if anything unforeseen should occur."

"Thank you; a letter addressed thus will always find me. I hope to require her information very soon. I shall return to London directly. I am going to Kirkcaldy and Perth, but that won't take me more than a day or two."

"Singular man that," was the doctor's inward comment as his visitor left him; "wonder who he is. No gentleman, I am sure, though he was so smart, and such a strange story as he told me, and what an address! I used to know London pretty well, and this is a queer quarter."

He looked at the glazed card which he held in his hand, on which Mr. James Barton had written his address:—

"Wrekin Tavern,
Broad Court,
Drury Lane."

"Well, it's no business of mine. I suppose he's an agent or something. I wonder what it is old Betty's got."

Mr. Wortley's secretary kept his appointment with the old minister from Kinghorn, and at the time fixed upon made his appearance at 100 Clark street. Mr. Ferguson was waiting for him with some papers on the table before him, but he seemed slightly nervous and fidgetty, as if he was fearful of doing wrong in speaking.

"I don't know," he said, after he had greeted his guest, "whether I am doing right in revealing what I know, but as you assure me the woman Matthews is dead, and as I know that the girl, her supposed daughter, has no relations, I cannot see that any harm can come of it."

"No harm, my dear sir, but a great amount of good; you can help me to prove her right to a great fortune, a noble home and loving parents, who already more than half suspect the relationship between them, and would welcome her with open arms."

"I'm sure I should be glad to do all that if it were in my power."

"Only prove to me that Maggie Ross is not James Matthews' child, and it is in your power."

"I think I can do that, though there is only one person living, if indeed he be living, who could corroborate my statement. You have heard the particulars of the birth of the twin daughters of an unknown lady in our village, and of the death of one of them the following day?"

"Yes."

"Well, my dear sir, that child did not die; though but for the singular mark upon its hand the fact could never, by any possibility, have been proved, or even suspected."

"I was sure the child lived, but how to prove it has been the stumbling block all along; her extreme likeness to the family, and her mark, which is peculiar to them, have proclaimed her relationship all her life, though, of course, it could never be attested in any way."

"I think it can now," said Mr. Ferguson, searching among the papers; "this document which I hold in my hand I took down myself from the lips of a woman, a member of my own congregation, almost on her death-bed. She was the nurse who assisted on that evening at James Matthews' house, and the secret had lain heavy on her mind for many years. If you will allow me I will read it."

James Barton listened with breathless attention while the old gentleman read how the woman Cheyne had had the charge of the three infants, how she had marked Mrs. Matthews' feeble baby by tying something on its wrist, how the mark had been displaced, and how the other nurse, who had not seen or heard of the red streak, had replaced it, as she thought, but tied it on the wrong infant; how the babe had been laid in the arms of James Matthews' wife, whose state was most precarious; how the weakly infant had died in the course of the night, and the mother of the twins, believing that heaven had taken one of her darlings from her, had resigned herself to its loss; how the morning had brought no amendment to the other invalid, and they resolved to keep the secret for a few more hours till she seemed better; and finally, how, through procrastination, they had allowed it to remain untold, and the dead child to be buried as the infant of Mr. and Mrs. Brooks.

"Of the Earl and Countess of Lorton, now," said Barton. "My dear sir, you have rendered every one concerned a great service. You will allow me to copy that paper?"

"Certainly; I will do all I can to further your object. I have read it all to you, and from what you have said I cannot but think it genuine, though I have all along imagined nurse Cheyne to have been under some strange delusion. It is signed by herself, as you see, 'Euphemia Cheyne.' Copy it, by all means, and you will know where to get the original when it is wanted."

She will not, unless she is teased; I think you may be pretty safe upon the point. If you will give me

Barton sat down to his task nothing loth.

"It will be a fortune to me," he muttered—"a perfect gold mine? You're a lucky man, Jem Barton; you always fall on your feet."

"A month ago," the old clergyman said, with something of sadness in his tone, "I could have proved the truth of this statement from the lips of a living witness, but now I fear I cannot. My old friend Dr. Cameron——"

"Dr. Cameron!"

"Yes; did you know him?"

"I have heard of him," replied Barton, with a smile, "but I interrupt you, go on."

"He was the doctor, the only doctor in the village at that time, and the person spoken of in this woman's confession. He left Kinghorn a fortnight since to find his sister in London, promised to write the next day, and I have not heard from him yet. I wrote to a friend, who went to the place, and Mrs. Grant had left it many months since, and no one could tell where she lived or anything about her."

"A fortnight is not long," remarked Barton, gravely, though inwardly amused, "and a journey to London is not much in these days of speedy traveling."

"Not to a young person; but my dear old friend was getting into years; older than myself he was, and not in robust health; and I very much fear something untoward has happened to him."

"Something has happened to him certainly," Barton replied, touched by the old gentleman's evident anxiety. "But I hap'en to know that he is safe at his sister's; he has been very ill, but when I left London he was thought to be certainly recovering," and he told Mr. Ferguson all he knew of the doctor's journey to town and his present condition.

"You have taken a great load off my mind," he replied, wringing his hand fervently. "We had all sorts of fears about him; he can tell you all about this curious affair; I hope and trust he may be spared to do it for the dear girl's sake."

"I hope so, indeed; does he know that you hold this paper?"

"No."

"Nor suspect it?"

"I should say not; the woman Cheyne expressly told me he knew nothing about her confession; all she wished was to have it off her mind."

"And no one else in Kinghorn knew it?"

"No one."

"Then I could learn nothing more by going there? My time is precious."

"Nothing that I can see; the dead child, being unbaptized, was buried quietly the same evening; the living one was registered in the name of Dornton, Laura, I think—but I can get you a copy of the entry if you like—and removed to Kirkcaldy, where it remained. I saw it more than once myself."

"Thank you, the register of birth will be important; if you will send it to me I shall be obliged, or I can call on you as I return from Perth and Kirkcaldy."

"That will be best, if you can spare the time. I return home by the evening train to-morrow."

"And I start for Perth by the first in the morning, so I will say good night. Seaview House, Kinghorn; thank you."

The morning train bore Mr. Barton away to Kirkcaldy, where after long search, he found Mr. Jim Watkin, the husband of Lady Lorton's unfortunate nurse. Honest Jim had consoled himself many a long year ago, and was now a burly, middle aged man, with a family of healthy, riotous children, and a stout, red haired Scotch wife, who turned from a steaming washing tub to wipe a chair for the gudeman's visitor. But Mr. Barton preferred walking out with his host, and talking to him outside his close and noisy dwelling place. He hadn't much to say, but he remembered with the fidelity of an old, unspoken love, every particular of that fatal morning. He spoke of his young wife, dead and buried twenty years ago, with honest tears and a rough, manly pathos that was very touching, and showed Barton a faded, washy little likeness of a homely country face with as much pride as if his wife had been the reigning beauty of a London season.

"She was a good girl, sir," was the sum and substance of his eulogium; and what a world this would be if every one of us deserved even that.

The poor baby he described with a loving minuteness—its dress, its looks, the fine things which its mother loved to provide for it, the pink rib ons, the locket—all were remembered, and James Barton's chain of evidence advanced, link after link, to completion.

"I've got something now as belonged to that pretty little creetur," he said. "I never knew as I had 'em till I was turning out the old wife's things to make room for the new 'un, and then I came upon 'em wrapped up careful in a bit of fine paper. I kept 'em only for the baby's sake."

They were a little pair of clasps in coral and gold, such as are used for infants' shoes, not of much value, but rather fanciful and peculiar in form.

"I should like to keep 'em for the sake of them that's gone, sir. You won't want to take 'em, will you, sir!"

"No, no, keep them; the baby's mother might want to see them some time; the young lady herself——"

"What did you say, sir? The young lady!"

"Was not killed at Perth, but lives still, though very ill; she was taken to the workhouse and claimed by a showman, whose own child was among the dead. I believe in a very short time she will be restored to her mother, and your kindness to her won't be forgotten."

"Her ladyship was very kind to me, very kind, sir, many a year since—helped me on above a bit. Why, this house is my own, and I've a bit of land outby and a pig, and all thanks to the money she gave me. And to think of that poor baby being alive after all. And a good, beautiful creature she is, I'm sure."

"As beautiful as you can possibly imagine," said Barton, ignoring the first part of the observation altogether. "As lovely as her mother was; you remember her?"

"Remember her! I should think so," replied Mr. Watkin. "I never saw any one so handsome as she was in all my life; she was like an angel."

There was nothing to be learned at Perth beyond what has been already laid before the reader. James Barton visited the infirmary, the poorhouse and the station, and gleaned for himself what scraps of information he could. Returning to Kinghorn he received from Mr. Ferguson the register of the birth of Laura Sophia Brooks Dornton, and with the good wishes of the simple hearted old clergyman set out on his homeward journey.

CHAPTER XVI.

SPRING AGAIN—DYING—THE MISSING SHOWMAN—BARTON AT ROSA VILLA—A LETTER FROM THE DUKE.

And time passed slowly away, and winter came with its time of bustle and toil and golden harvest to the theatrical world; bringing death daily nearer to Mrs. Saville in her sumptuous little home, where she lay alone and uncared for, save by the servants whose attentions could be bought; coming with daily improving health to Dr. Cameron in his sister's cheery dwelling place; and bringing the grand *denouement* of Mr. James Barton's drama of real life nearer every hour. He had waited for many reasons, and would have to wait a little longer still, till he could fulfill his intention of presenting to the Earl of Lorton two daughters at once, and proclaiming the fact that *his* agency had brought about their discovery.

Two things deterred him; one, that Mrs. Grant's brother was not yet in a state to be interrogated, or to give reliable evidence; the doctor promised a cure, and it was rapidly proceeding, and his mind appeared perfectly clear, but he sternly prohibited any exciting subject whatever; the other cause was that, strange to say, John Thomas and his proofs had totally disappeared—vanished as completely as if he had sunk into the earth or had never appeared in the affair at all.

Barton was enraged and mystified; the old madwoman's unsupported testimony would, he felt, be of very little use, and how to find this man, who seemed to be hiding himself on purpose, he did not know. He spared no pains in the search, and succeeded in tracing him to Lorton; from thence to Mayfield, where he learned he did not succeed in obtaining an interview with the earl, who was unwell at the time; thence back to London, where he applied at the general post office for a letter which lay there for him from Scotland, and after that all trace of him was lost.

James Barton chafed and fumed, and hoped against hope in vain; without him nothing could be done, and the one to whom the articles he held referred seemed every hour slipping further from the world.

"She'll die before I find him," said Barton to himself after a visit to the invalid, during which she had asked him what further he had discovered about her birth. "Her life isn't worth a day's purchase."

The duke had been very liberal to her; she was dying, as she said she would, in the midst of splendor; none of the adornments of her home or her toilet had gone from her, but she was alone, that most terrible of all loneliness, which has neither friend nor acquaintance to stand by the dying bed. Poor Juliet! it seemed as if the "observed of all observers" would be indebted to a servant's hand to close her radiant eyes for their last sleep.

"Why, I'm even glad to see you, Barton," she said to him with assumed gaiety; "I'm very lonely here now. Mr. Saville is away; he never did care for England in the winter, and I can't receive many visitors, if they cared to come."

There was something of pride left yet; she would not own that she was forsaken, even to him; and Barton sighed as he looked upon her, and contrasted her wasted and death stricken appearance with the radiant vision that used to curtsey nightly to the tumultuous applause of the *habitues* of the Albert.

"Oh, don't look so glum," she said, striving for a ghastly cheerfulness more terrible than any depression would have been. "I want some one to cheer me up, not to look like that. I get black looks enough from Waters; she's very good to me as times go, but she's kept in a good deal more than she likes now I'm not well. She's well paid, or she wouldn't do it."

She coughed frightfully with the exertion of speaking, and her visitor grew terribly alarmed at the exhaustion that followed the paroxysm.

"It's nothing," she gasped, staying his hand as he would have rung the bell; "I am always so when I talk much. Give me some of that cordial."

He poured a reviving draught out of the bottle she indicated and gave it to her. The color came faintly back to her cheeks and the sparkle to her eyes as she drank.

"That's not of the doctor's ordering," she said with a languid smile; "I am never to touch any stimulant on any account, according to his doctrine, but I couldn't live without my drops."

"But could nothing else be substituted?" asked Barton, as he accidentally touched her hand and felt its burning heat. "It has thrown you into a fever already; it must be very injurious."

"Perhaps it is," she said sadly, "but it gives me the look of being better, at any rate while the effect lasts, and you know in some cases appearances are everything."

They were so in her case, indeed. Were not her looks, her beauty and her vivacity, her stock in trade, as it were? Without these she would be nothing.

"I don't often take them now," she went on with a saddened voice, "unless I know some one is coming, for I get so faint afterwards. In an hour now I shall feel and look, I daresay, like death."

Barton thought she looked like it now, for the eyes were deep sunken and the cheeks hollow, though they burned with a hectic flush.

"I wish the winter was over for your sake," he said, taking her hand, "and that warm weather would come and that fellow turn up. I should like to be able to see you in your proper position in society, a lady by birth and fortune."

"And with Margaret Ross by my side for my sister. I do not care for it, I have no wish either for wealth or station if it is to be embittered by her presence."

"Why do you dislike her so?"

"Do we not always dislike better people than ourselves? Were there not always comparisons drawn between her and me, and in my disfavor? If ever I live for my lady mother to see me, which will be the favored daughter, think you? Will she not turn from me, this great lady, and thank heaven I have not long to live, and clasp her good child to her heart and bid God bless her? You should have left me alone, James Barton, and let me die thinking myself John Thomas, the showman's daughter."

"What I have done I did for the best," said Barton sadly, "perhaps——"

"Perhaps I may not live for it after all," she said bitterly. "Was not that what you were going to say?"

He hesitated. That had indeed been his thought, though he was not going to express it in so many words.

"You mistake me," he said, "and you misjudge the lady whose child I believe—nay, I may say know—you to be. She will regret the past, sorrow for it, I doubt not. What mother could do otherwise, if she were a true woman. But she will forgive; do not doubt that for a moment. She will clasp you to her heart: I am sure she will, Madeline, with love, if not with pride."

"Pride!" said the poor invalid sadly. "I am a fit object for a mother's pride, am I not? The only joy or pride she will ever have in me will be the satisfaction she will feel when the earth falls upon my coffin lid, and she thanks heaven that I am hidden from her sight for ever."

"You will think differently when you have seen her, as you shall, please heaven, before you expect. I will move heaven and earth to find that man, if he is alive, and then all shall be made clear. I have other evidence, but wanting his testimony it would be held doubtful in a court of justice. I won't talk to you any more now; I'll come again as soon as ever I hear or have anything to tell you. Do not worry yourself with all sorts of fancies that can do you no possible good. Think of the future that is in store for you. Keep up your spirits and look forward to the bright spring weather."

"Keep up my spirits," she exclaimed, as she watched him picking his way through the snow.

"Be gay, when every hour brings me nearer to the end. The bright spring weather. Look forward to that. For what, that my grave may be greener? That is all the memento that any one will have of me in the spring time. Better I had remained Annie Thomas, the show girl, all my life than lived for this. There would have been honest tears shed over me six years ago, but now——"

She buried her face in her pillow and wept the noiseless, rainlike, bitter tears of a grief past remedy, and Waters found her so when she brought up her solitary dinner.

"Dear, dear, this'll never do," she exclaimed, as she saw her mistress shaking with hysterical sobs. "Mrs. Saville, ma'am! What's the matter?"

"Nothing, Waters, nothing," she replied, striving to subdue her emotion, "only I'm so lonely, that's all."

"And well she may," was the Abigail's inward comment. "No one comes to see her now. I've something that will do you good, maybe," she continued, aloud, "a letter."

"A letter?"

"Yes, ma'am, foreign."

Mrs Saville started up with an exclamation. Fallen and mercenary as she had been, she loved the duke; and his leaving her, which she perfectly understood, had been a great grief to her.

He had not been heartless enough to cast her off in her sickness and prostration; time enough for that, he thought, when she got better, if she did; so he went for a tour and she remained mistress of Rosa Villa.

He had written once or twice very kind letters, but Madeline could not but feel that she should see him no more; that her weakness and desolate condition was the only thing that prevented him freeing himself from her altogether.

She took the letter from the hand of Waters with an eagerness she could not repress.

"His grace, I beg your pardon, Mr. Saville, I should say, don't forget you, ma'am," she said. Mr. Robinson, a young man from the lawyer's, was here yesterday."

"Indeed! why did I not see him?"

"He said expressly, ma'am, that it was not to you he came; it was to James and me."

"To James and you?"

"Yes, ma'am; perhaps I shouldn't have told you, but 'twas a message from his gra— Mr. Saville, I mean, to us, hoping as we'd take every care of you and spare nothing, and the lawyer would pay everything."

"Mr. Saville is very kind," said her mistress, covering her face with her hand. "That will do, Waters. You may go. Very kind, yes," she murmured bitterly as Waters left the room, "because he knows I am dying. Because when he returns to England there will be nothing to remind him of me but the green turf over my grave."

She opened the letter with its thin rustling paper and read, the tears falling silently down her cheeks as she did so, blinding her every now and then and wetting the senseless paper with round blotches. It was a very kind letter; extremely kind and gentlemanly. The duke hoped his dear Madeline was better, trusted the coming spring would restore her to health.

"And he knows I am dying," she said bitterly—"dying, or I shouldn't be here! Ah, I thought so!" as she read that he regretted extremely that he should not see her in her fairy bower for some time longer, having accepted the invitation of his friend, Lord Exham, to go with him into Egypt and the East, &c., &c.

"My fairy bower!" she exclaimed—"a fitting bower he will find me in when he comes home from his tour—the damp earth of the churchyard! I shall not trouble him nor any one long."

Oh! if her mother could but have seen her then in her loneliness and desolation, as she lay among her downy cushions with her hands covering her face, moaning in her weakness and bitterness of spirit! If the Countess of Lorton could have found her long lost child surely her mother's heart would have ignored the past and cherished and tended her daughter's dying hours with all a parent's tender love. But the earl and his family were far away, wintering in the soft sunshine of southern Italy, trusting to time to heal the deep, terrible wounds which sorrow had inflicted.

Strange rumors were rife respecting Lady Lorton; some said she had turned Roman Catholic; some even that she had entered a convent; others averred that she had taken a vow of perpetual charity, and went about in coarse raiment and on foot through all weathers, ministering to the wants of the poor. Something of truth there was in all this, mixed up with a great deal of falsehood.

The countess had joined no sisterhood, taken upon herself no vow, but she had most certainly "renounced the pomps and vanities of this wicked world," and bade adieu to society, as it seemed, forever.

Always impressionable, the sudden death of her son had changed her whole nature, as it seemed; she turned, as was natural, from anything like festivity or merry making with loathing and disgust, and sickened at the thought of the frivolous, butterfly existence of the fashionable world. A heart like hers cannot idle, however; a truly generous nature seeks some outlet for its noble promptings, and Lady Lorton turned her thoughts, ay, and more than her thoughts only, her hand and purse, to missions of charity to the poor and helpless, of comfort and consolation to the afflicted and mourning.

Day after day might she be seen in her simple black dress, the outward sign of the sad heart within, going on some errand of mercy to some suffering home, sometimes accompanied by her young daughter, who seemed a very angel to the swarthy Italians by whom they were surrounded.

That she intended to pursue the same course in England was evident from the instructions sent to the housekeepers and stewards of the estates at home; and her aristocratic acquaintances began to whisper among themselves doubts of the sanity of a lady who could give up everything they themselves held so dear, and devote herself to the consideration of things which a fine lady so seldom thinks of, viz., the welfare of the poor and needy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sporting Squibs.

— Velocipede clubs are established in Paris, and they are said to have vehicles of that description running so easily now that reasonable horse time can be made.

— Scup fishing has not been profitable down east this year.

— Sight seers at Havre, France, are to have a regatta instead of a bull fight because the male beeves got tamed in being transported from Spain. Good bulls!

— Halibut worth $2,000 net, 103,450 lbs., were brought in from a 25 days' trip recently by a Gloucester schooner. In March, the same vessel brought in $4,114 worth, the largest fare but one ever made.

— Henry Knebel won the first prize, a $1,000 bond, at the late German Schuetzenfest, at Jones' Woods, he having shot 62 rings; 60 were all that could have been made, we believe.

— The Anti-Gambling Society are hunting clerks who gamble, forty-one of whom were reported last month.

— Good piscatorial news reaches us from Connecticut, to the effect that seven millions of shad are hatched at Hadley Falls daily; and several thousand young salmon are to be placed in the same waters. So saith Seth Green.

— Fred W. Simmons is said to have walked 100 miles in 23 hours and 30 minutes at La Crosse, Wis., last week.

— King Cole, one of the Australian cricketers recently taken to England by Mr. Hayman, died of lung disease in London, on the 24th ult.

— A catfish weighing 43 pounds was recently caught at Minneapolis, and 73 leeches were found fastened to the body. The leeches were all of the sucker breed.

— Hundreds of fish came to the surface of Sangaman river, near Decatur, Illinois, recently, having died from eating locusts.

— Nice spot for hunters. Buffaloes are said to be roaming over the prairie by thousands within thirty miles of the western settled counties of Kansas.

— Picturesque bathing suits are reported as being in vogue at Long Branch. What *are* picturesque bathing garments?

— Only twenty-three sparrows out of two hundred imported from England for Boston were alive on arriving here.

— A duel was fought by two Neapolitan rag pickers recently, with knives as weapons. Life's fluid flowed copiously from both ere they were separated.

— An English lady, who is reported to have slain a wolf a year or two ago, and as having ascended the Grand Cuvin, Valais, recently, is about to start for Central Africa to shoot panthers.

— A decree to fish with cormorants in the Seine, France, trained for that purpose, for the month of August, was recently granted.

— The steamship Holsatia, which left this port on the 30th of June is reported as having arrived at Southampton in nine days and eight hours.

— An owl, measuring four feet and six inches from tip to tip of wing, and weighing upwards of ten pounds, was caught near Mansfield, Pa., on the 4th of July.

— A horse tamer, named Coldwell, was murdered and robbed by two traveling companions near Henderson, Texas, recently. They were arrested.

— The Caledonia Club, of Philadelphia, will hold its tenth annual celebration on the 18th of August.

— At a reaping machine trial at Berlin, on the 11th inst., the English were pronounced superior to the American, and took the international prize.

ONE HUNDRED MILE WALKING MATCH.

A correspondent sends us the subjoined report of a pedestrian performance out west which may be classed among the best upon record:—

"F. W. Symons, the La Crosse pedestrian, completed his one hundred mile walk yesterday, doing it handsomely in 23 hours and 30 minutes, including rests, which occupied 3 hours and 45 minutes, making his actual walking time 19 hours and 45 minutes. The average time to each 25 miles is as follows, per mile:—First twenty-five miles, 11 minutes and 43 seconds; second twenty-five miles, 11 minutes and 30 seconds; third twenty-five miles, 11 minutes and 15 seconds; fourth twenty-five miles, 12 minutes and 2 seconds. The last twenty miles were made in 3 hours and 56 minutes actual walking time. The 18th and 41st mile were made in 10 minutes 8 seconds, and the 63d mile in 10 minutes 4 seconds. His best time per mile so far is 9 minutes 15 seconds. Mr. Symons is an amateur in the profession and has been in training but fifteen days. He is an accomplished gentleman, having been educated in Georgetown College, District of Columbia, is 25 years of age, 6 feet 1 inch in height, and weighs but 136lbs. His stride is forty inches, and he walks without apparent effort. Previous to walking the one hundred miles, which he commenced on the afternoon of the 3d of July, he walked 40 miles in the morning of the same day. He showed little fatigue after his wonderful feat, and was visiting around among his friends on the evening of the 4th. He starts from here to Chicago on the 17th inst., and will go by the way of Milwaukee, or probably by Madison and Janesville.

"La Crosse, Wis., July 5, 1868."

ATHLETIC SPORTS AT FORT HAMILTON.—George Jones and Daniel Drew have been matched to walk and run a mile at one start at Fort Hamilton on the 22d instant, at 5 P. M. Drew to receive 60 yards start. On the same day Alfred Baxter, a celebrated English pedestrian, will perform the feat of leaping over 100 hurdles three feet high, loose tops, four yards apart in five minutes, after which there will be a handicap race 440 yards, for a purse. Entrance free, and the day's sport to be wound up by a promenade concert by the Regimental Band of the Fort.

MORE WALKING.—Mr. C. N. Payne, of Albany, who lately was led 70 miles at Riversdale Park, is matched to walk one hundred miles in 24 hours, on Saturday, July 18, at Smith's Driving Park, Cuba, N. Y.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3,360 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

J. T., Louisville, Ky.—"A bets B that he cannot tell where the first settlement in the United States was commenced; B says at Jamestown, Va., while A claims that St. Augustine, Florida, was the first. B admits that a settlement was commenced at St. Augustine first, but says that Florida was not a part of the United States. A claims that it was as much a part of the United States as Virginia, and therefore St. Augustine was the first settlement made in the United States. They have both agreed to leave it to you and abide by your decision. Now, who is right, A or B?".....The first *permanent* settlement on this continent by Europeans was made at Jamestown, Va., in 1608, but as the United States did not spring into existence for more than a century and a half later, we should declare the bet between A and B drawn.

INQUIRER.—1. The following is a list of the performers in Backus' Minstrels during their trip through Australia:—Jerry Bryant and Charley Backus, end men; Ener. Campbell, baritone; W. M. Barker, tenor; D. S. Boley, basso; Albert Morgan, alto; Wm. Porter, violinist; Otto Burbank, C. D. Abbott and Neil Bryant. William T. Bryant was agent. 2. Dan Bryant never played in the same company with Charley Backus.

STEAM BOAT, New Haven, Ct.—Weston took part in a one hundred mile match against Topley at the Riverside Park, Boston, Mass., on the 19th and 20th ult. After going 75 miles in 23 hours 57 minutes and 45 seconds, Weston was declared the winner, Topley being withdrawn after walking 74 miles in 24 hours 57 minutes and 30 seconds. Everybody looked upon it as a "cut and dried" affair.

OLD CRIBBAGE, Florence, Mass.—1. At cribbage, four trays and a nine count twenty-four, viz.:—Twelve for fifteens and twelve for double-pair-royal. 2. The most that can be held in one hand is twenty-nine—sixteen by fifteens, twelve for double-pair-royal and one for his "nob." The cards are three fives and jack in hand, with a five of the same suit as the jack turned up.

NICODEMUS, Newark.—1. We cannot inform you, as one is reported to be, yet she denies it. 2. There are "pretty waiter girls" in the "Lottery of Life," now being performed at Wallack's. 3. As we are not one of those who fought in the "gap," we cannot inform you the *modus operandi* of gaining admittance to that abode.

C. E. B., Omaha.—"A and B are playing Seven Up; A is six, and B is five. A deals and turns Jack, B holds the ace and deuce. Which wins the game?".....A wins by turning up Jack, which is counted immediately. We do not answer correspondents by mail.

PUG, Richmond, Ind.—1. Haven't got 'em. 2. Jemmy Welsh and Harry Brunton waited upon Sayers; Jack McDonald and Jim Cusick seconded Heenan. 3. King was attended by Jerry Noon and Bos Tyler; Heenan by Tom Sayers and Jack McDonald. 4. Coburn. 5. It depends upon the man who is opposed to him.

HARRY, Matteawan.—"At cribbage, if A plays a tray, B a six, A a deuce and B a four, does B make a sequence of three; or does A make one of four by playing an ace?".....The six thwarts both. Had the six been played first, then the sequences would have been all right.

HAVERHILL SPORT.—The match for the billiard championship remains in abeyance, the stakes not having been given up yet; so that the championship question cannot be answered, the claims being about equally divided between Foster and McDevitt.

N. M., Fort Union, New Mexico.—We do not deal in books, and never make purchases for correspondents. You had better drop a line to Appleton & Co., Nos. 90, 92 and 94 Grand street, this city.

S. K. H., Philadelphia, Pa.—That is fair pulling for an amateur. Constant practice, under the eye of a competent teacher, if possible, is the surest and quickest way of affecting what you aim at.

HANCOCK, Fort Preble, Portland, Me.—In cutting for deal at cribbage, tenth and court cards, viz., ten spots, knaves, queens and kings, are ties; consequently A was right in claiming to cut again.

E. P. C., Pawtucket.—The parties you mention are traveling as acrobats with a circus company. There never was a circus bearing their name.

DEZIMAR, Washington.—The original Dan Rice is not dead, but still lives, and with the faint hope of becoming some day President of these United States.

KEYSTONE, Baltimore.—We have had a copy of that "twelve pound lump" on our desk for a couple of years. It is a trifle too heavy for our craft.

FORT HAMILTON.—"Arrah Na Pogue" was produced at Niblo's Garden on July 12th, 1865, with T. H. Glenny as Shaun the Post, and Josie Orton as Arrah Meelish.

R. W. T., Rockford, Ill.—1. B can compel R to take the three cards, as he (R) said he would take three. 2. Dexter was bought for $33,000 by Mr. Bonner.

"HARRY VAVASOUR."—Your proper course would be to advertise for such position as would suit your talents, or book yourselves with one of our dramatic agents.

SPINDLE CITY, Lowell, Mass.—1. Seward and Westhall both ran 200 yards in 19½ seconds, in England; Thomas made it in 20 seconds, near Philadelphia, Pa. 2. Harry Reed ran half a mile in one minute and fifty-eight seconds.

G. W. W., Biddeford, Me.—Our opinion is that no player should have the privilege of going alone when a partner offers to assist, but in some localities custom gives the dealer that privilege.

C. H. B., Baltimore.—Did not get dispatch in time to answer by telegraph. It is necessary to have your nine on hand ready to play, to claim the ball.

J. M. C., Washington.—We cannot answer such questions. Opinions differ, and if the same question was propounded to a dozen different persons, each one might give a different answer.

TOBY CANDOR.—1. The pedigree of Stonewall Jackson is not reliably known. 2. Shark is owned by Mr. J. Marshall, of this city.

YOUNG RYAN, St. Louis.—Presuming you have written on the impulse of the moment, we shall pass over the hard words, and hope to hear from you in another vein.

G. M. A.—They explain themselves. We think it might suit you better to decide your own bets hereafter.

J. V. W.—We know of no one to whom we could refer you at present.

F. J.—A letter directed to the care of Dion Boucicault, 326 Regent street, London, Eng., will reach him.

JOHN L.—We have published several portraits on our first page in costume, W. F. Wallett, the clown, being one of them.

J. J. F., Boston.—A deposit should have accompanied your challenge.

SPORT, Providence.—Mountain Boy never trotted at Narragansett previous to the late June meeting.

BASE BALL, New Orleans.—No, the club cannot be expelled for such cause.

SECRETARY.—You are right. It is your place to send the challenge.

D. B. M.—When the sporting season is over we may be able to make an arrangement with you.

BOBBY.—We were under the impression that you were about to accompany the party. Let the matter rest for the present.

W. T. M., San Antonio, Texas.—Your greenbacks, compliments and kind promises received. Thank you.

R. S. S., Wellsville, O.—If only two are betting, the player is entitled to a sight for the money he has got.

H. G. S., Yonkers.—In their race with Dexter last June, Ethan Allen and running mate made 2:15; 2:16; 2:19.

L. D. P., Hyde Park.—He was born in Windham and that is his right name.

U. S. G.—1. McClellan obtained 37,028 votes over Lincoln in New York City, in 1864. 2. Not that we are aware of.

W. F., Buffalo, N. Y.—1. Donnelly and Cooper fought for sixty guineas. 2. The battle took place near Curragh, Kildare.

J. G. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.—We don't know the Doctor's address. His name is not in the Directory.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Nat Langham defeated Tom Sayers.

GOPHERER, Washington.—All right; see items in their proper department.

J. A. H.—The hand goes for nothing, and A loses his deal.

ECCHRE, Philadelphia.—See answer to G. W. W.

W. G. C., Piermont.—Will give it a careful "setting up."

H. B., Cincinnati.—We have not heard of his death.

IDEX.—The company have disbanded.

F. W. G.—He has not sold Dexter.

FESTIVITIES FOR THE SEASON.

We have been to a pic-nic, and have come back charged to the muzzle with romance and ice cream. A ticket of invitation summoned us, on one of the balmy mornings just past, to the wharf which was to be our starting point. Had to get up at daylight so as to be sure to be "on hand." Did the polite to several ladies who were in want of an escort, such as carrying bundles, reticules, parasols and fans. Female friend, overcome with the heat, asked if we would be good enough to hold her baby. The ungrateful thing requited our attention by setting up a series of yells that drowned the noise of the steam pipe. Waited three hours in the sun before steamer hove in sight. Passengers numbered fifteen hundred, packed like sardines in their own fat. Boy with extras shouting at the top of his voice, "another disastrous steamboat explosion and loss of life!" Boat loaded to the water's edge; passengers continually being shifted from side to side by the captain to trim the boat. Sun getting hotter, and atmosphere not improved by the heat from the boiler, against which we were crowded. Brass band struck up marching through Georgia—bass drum very effective. Treated ladies to ice cream, lemonade and confections. Fat woman selected our shoulder for a pillow and went fast asleep. Heard something drop just about then. Fat woman, of course! Skinny girl, six footer, with flaxen curls, froze to us like a bee to a ripe banana. Asked us for autograph and lines for album, and bummed us for a sherry cobbler. Fascinated by pretty girl with auburn tresses and lips like cherries. Made her acquaintance. Breath like odor of rose leaves; teeth like ivory. Longed to empty the contents of our pocket-book at her feet. Gawky young man in love highly incensed at our familiarity. Arrived at the "Grove," consisting of six small apple trees and a gooseberry bush. Started to climb hill with two ladies clinging to each arm. Thermometer at 110. All hands piped to luncheon. Everybody ate ravenously. Delicate ladies cleared a broad swarth in a twinkling, leaving nothing for us gentlemen. Dancing next on the programme. Fat woman cavorting in a perfect shower bath of perspiration. Tail girl caught her ringlets in the branch of a tree, tearing off the whole wig and exposing the scalp. Reclined in the shade of a bush and were proceeding to read poetry to pretty girl, when several bites in the rear announced the presence of insects. Started up and found we were surrounded by hornets. Sudden thunder storm and hasty stampede to the boat. Obliged to stand and take it. Boat near capsizing. A row on board among some roughs. Consternation of passengers. Steamboat ran on a rock and was detained all night waiting for tide to serve. Pretty girl fainted in our arms, provoking a sharp remonstrance from bashful young man, who admires her at a distance. Return to town twenty-four hours after departure with back broken, spine dislocated and a headache. Pocket book looking as if it had been tramped on by an elephant. Mem.—This is our last attempt at a pic-nic for the season.

"ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS."

A young friend of ours, who recently applied for admission to the bar, and whose application, like much poetry, was "respectfully declined," remarked in a spirit of profanity which we can by no means commend, but with a truthfulness that makes his statement quotable that "it was a d—d sight easier to ask questions than it was to answer them."

After a long experience in the business of answering questions we can certify that what this young man said was substantially correct, barring, of course, the naughty word which gives unnecessary emphasis to his style. Of all who write to a newspaper for information, not more than one in three has a clearly defined idea of what he wants to know. We picked up a letter only the other day which contained this extremely luminous query:—"Which is the fastest?" That was the whole question. No reference or allusion was made to horses, steamboats, politicians or women—so indefinite was the interrogation that we were compelled to answer this seeker after knowledge somewhat dubiously by telling him that we thought so.

Another curious and doubtless amorous correspondent desires that we should tell him "who the handsomest woman in New York is." A careful analysis of the late census reveals the fact that there are upwards of 300,000 females on this little island of Manhattan. To determine which was the prettiest of those 300,000 it would be necessary to have them, like the boys at Benny Haven's, "all stand up in a row." Then by the assistance of a microscope, a treatise on the human form divine, and the use of our eyesight, we might arrive at a conclusion satisfactory to ourselves but not to our inquirer. By exercising the rapidity which characterized Napoleon's movements this examination might be completed in the course of a year and a half, and if we treated each girl to a dish of ice cream or "zwei lager" (how could we do less?) it would cost the moderate sum of $30,000, and by the time our Herculean efforts were complete he of the amorous and inquiring turn of mind would have forgotten all about his question.

Next in the list of question-askers comes Maria Jane, who dates her letter from Coffin's Corners, and peppers it thick with italics, and inquires anxiously:—"My *dear* Mr. Editor. *Do* you *think* I could *succeed* as an *actress*. I am *called* good-looking, and have a *strong* voice and am *very* ambitious." Nay, Mamie, or Jennie, or whatever other pet name they call you by up at Coffin's Corners, we do not think you would succeed. It is a hard and uneven road over which in the dramatic profession a woman travels to fame. Sleepless nights and studious days must be hers. She must expect to meet with cold rebuffs from the audience and contend with petty jealousies in the greenroom. Every conceited donkey who has sufficient cash to hire a private box will leer at her with contemptible tenderness, and even though he never so much as polluted her hand with his foul touch, he will throw out base insinuations to his companions about having that little actress "on the string." Better remain up at Coffin's Corners, Mamie, or Jennie, and listen blushingly to those nice young men who call you good-looking, and exercise that strong voice in faintly answering "yes" when the great question is popped, and turn your large ambition to account by making some man's life happy, and, trust us, you will find your truest bliss some day in hearing fat babies call you "mamma."

But goodness gracious! we couldn't say all this to Maria Jane in our answers to correspondents, and if we did she would, doubtless, obstinately refuse to be governed by our advice. Dropping the young lady from Coffin's Corners, we next examine the epistle of a youth named Green, who has been taken in and done for by some gift swindling concern. He sends us a gaily printed ticket which assures its fortunate possessor that he is entitled to a large amount of property—as soon as he gets it. And Mr. Green modestly requests us to call and see the "bankers" whose names are attached to the ticket, collect the money and, retaining a liberal commission for ourselves, forward the remainder to him at his post office address—Verdant Hollow. It seems as though Mr. Green should have learned by this time that New York swindlers do *not* give away large quantities of greenbacks without an adequate consideration; that their banking establishments exist only "in your eye," and that their promises to pay are valueless. We would like much to save Mr. Green and all his friends from the hands of the vultures, but while their gullible natures remain unchanged that will be an impossibility. Our words of warning to him and his class fall on deaf ears. We receive, as all publishers do, a quantity of letters from young men who wish to come to this city and make their fortunes. To all such we would say that we know little or nothing about the thousand and one occupations that make up the activities of city life. We are not a brewer, nor baker, nor candlestick maker, nor do we know the details of those various interesting callings, nor can we possibly tell how long a time is required for a man to make his fortune at them. Another class of queries which meet the doom of the waste basket are those sent to "catch" us. Writers who have no other object than to fool publishers by impossible problems could save the expense of postage by keeping their letters to themselves. So far as lies in our power we are willing and ready to answer all proper questions in the column devoted to that purpose; but we do not know everything (this will doubtless strike some correspondents as a singular fact), and we cannot waste our time in hunting up points that will not be of general interest. With these remarks we would again remind our readers that it is easier to ask questions than it is to answer them.

THE CROWD IN NEW YORK.

It is supposed to have been the remark of that cheerful individual who chanted the additional stanzas of "Yankee Doodle," that "he couldn't see the place, there were so many houses." Not houses but people have obstructed, during the past week, the dwellers on the ungodly island of Manhattan. We say ungodly because the bar-keeper of one of our leading hotels told us that he sold, on the 3d and 4th of July, eighteen hundred dollars worth of liquor, and the people who can guzzle such an immoderate amount of the fluid which both exhilarates and inebriates, can certainly lay no claim to an extra supply of morality. But it is doubtless true that the week just past is, in many regards, the most important that will occur in the lives of a number of gentlemen for at least four years. They have attended and borne, honorably or otherwise, their parts in a National Convention which has adopted a platform that is said to be very good, and have nominated a candidate for the Presidency for whom many loud-mouthed individuals give vociferous cheers. All this was the legitimate duty of those who came down from the country at the expense of their constituents. But he who supposes that the delegates and their friends confined their work to the task indicated labors under a grievous mistake. The desire to "see the elephant," however wicked, is perfectly rational, and those who came from the green fields and the fresh water districts of the interior experienced a laudable or unholy ambition to tread those fields that promised to open up pleasures heretofore untasted by them. Now, our island home is a little place, in spite of all its vast population. A self-sacrificing street railroad company which only divides some thirty per cent. a year, will kindly carry an adventuresome stranger to the remotest region of New York for the extremely moderate consideration of seven cents, which sum will not, at present, purchase a draught of Jersey Lightning in the Sixth Ward. The small dimensions of Manhattan rendered the influx of a hundred thousand strangers a matter of importance. The gallant hotel keepers prepared for a vigorous prosecution of the war of high prices. The barkeepers polished their dim glasses afresh, and filled anew their bottles with the beverage that bore the name of Holland gin, but which was manufactured within the precincts of their own internal revenue districts. The "pretty waiter girls" washed their soiled garments and retouched their faded cheeks with *rouge*. The numerous descendants of that Mary whose name was Magdalen, came forth to prey upon the susceptible and amorous countrymen. The smooth-shaved individuals who bear the honorable distinction of being runners for gambling places, made ready to exercise all their blandishments to get the brave Democracy to risk its spare stamps on the fickle fortunes of the "tiger." Nature, not to be outdone by individuals, got up the hottest sunshine that ever vied with the heat of the infernal regions. So the sweltering and greatly tempted mass of humanity swayed about town for several days. As a matter of course, we—always anxious to pick up interesting items for the good of the great ear which the public possesses—sent swift-sighted reporters to dot down the various interesting events that occurred at the different hotels. But the jargon of opinion exceeded that disagreeable noise which has rendered Babel famous. It was noticeable, however, that all the arguments advanced for the numerous candidates were backed by that most powerful peroration, "Will you take a drink?" It has been remarked, not unwisely, that New York is too large a place in which to hold a Convention. The delegates get lost, some of them on purpose. The dark haunts of Mercer street might have turned up some unwashed patriots who had sworn with more oaths than the Decalogue sanctions to support "the eternal principles of the Democracy," and the tempting ranks of fare might have developed in their midst some persons who should rightfully have been attending the deliberations over which Baldy Seymour presided at Fourteenth street. It is both singular and amusing to note the persistency with which countrymen attempt to hide their verdant origin when they visit New York. By a desperate effort they change their bovine friend from a *kraine* into a cow, and they adopt pantaloons as tight as the best of us, and wear shirt-fronts which are truly immaculate. But the wild stare with which they gaze at the wonders of the town are quite sufficient to convince old stagers that they hail from rural regions, and the sharp runs, both male and female, are not slow to pick them up accordingly.

The metropolis is rapidly regaining that quiet appearance which alone can render it acceptable in the eyes of King Kennedy. Our country friends, with an increase of dirty shirts and a hollowness of pocket, are going home sadder and wiser men. Far be it from us to reveal to their faithful wives or trustful sweethearts the indiscretions in which they have indulged during their visit to the great modern Sodom of vice. Let us rather fling the veil of forgetfulness over those who failed to resist the influences of this wicked city. Certain it is that many of the delegates and their friends will reach home with dizzy heads and confused brains. But they can console themselves with the recollection that Fourth of July comes but once a year, and that a National Democratic Convention are even of more seldom occurrence.

IN THE CONVENTION.

If Mark Twain, the distinguished California historian, is to be relied upon—and we doubt not that he is—the betting stranger who visited Calaveras County said, in reference to Jim Smiley's Jumping Frog, "that he didn't see no difference betwixt that frog nor any other frog." In a like spirit it is possible that old visitors to National Conventions might tell us that the meeting held last week in Tammany Hall did not materially differ from other organizations of the same sort which have convened heretofore. But we, who are a stranger to such sights, were somewhat amused at the proceedings, and as doubtless hundreds of our readers stood on the outside of the great new hall unable to get a show at the inner temple, and as other hundreds, not to say thousands, were dwelling at the time in country homes, it may not be uninteresting for such to learn something of how the work of the "great unwashed" was done.

In the first place a score of policemen intercepted the entrance of each man who attempted to pass the door. A critical examination of his ticket followed. Many were the ingenious devices resorted to by anxious visitors to cross the Rubicon without the requisite pass aboard. The forgetful individual "who had left his ticket at his hotel" presented himself in numerous duplicate. But his harmless fiction wouldn't wash, as the blue-coated M. P.'s saw through his well designed but imaginative statement forthwith. The gentleman who had a friend that he wished to see "just inside the door" likewise failed to convince the guardians of the peace that his intentions were honorable; while the red-haired individual, who was a delegate from the District of Columbia, but who did not possess any credentials, could, in the estimation of Kennedy's men, only have been elected originally by that interesting body known as the marines. But once in, a new sight greeted the eyes of the unfortunate five thousand who were crowded and sweated, and jammed together. There was the southern delegate, wearing an alpaca swallow-tailed coat, whose many creases told how securely it must have been packed in a small box during the war, and whose make indicated that it was fashioned in the happy days *ante bellum*. He had lost something of the swaggering manner and gold-in-his-pocket air which characterized him a dozen years ago, but he retained his long straight hair, and in his unyielding hatred of Lindley Murray he still defiantly spoke of "this yer." There was a western leader who would have done honor to the prize-fighting fraternity—a man with shortly cropped hair, a bold red face, and muscles vigorously developed. He hailed from Illinois, and in the old days when Stephen A. Douglass held the foremost rank in the land, this stout Democrat was the "Little Giant's" chosen champion. He bears—as most westerners do—the title of Colonel, and is an undoubted believer in himself, his cause and his State. He furthers the interests of his candidate by all means heretofore known to politicians, and he not unfrequently invents new dodges in behalf of his favorite. He wears a great broad linen duster, is innocent of a vest, and keeps on his feet all the time, not apparently understanding the object for which chairs were first invented. He looks as though he could easily knock down any subordinate who opposed his wishes. He has a voice like Webster, a fist like Heenan, and an endurance more than Spartan. Close beside our Hoosier friend sits a New England delegate, who incidentally tells those to whom he is introduced that he was "born in Boston." He is tolerably well dressed and is very persistent in his "guesses" of what we are going to do. He is patriotic withal, and informs his compeers, with no little pride, that he had a substitute in the army during the war. The New York delegate, who is on important and who never gives up the ship, moves around with the easy grace which always marks a man who feels that he is at home. He is very willing to take up with any man that can be elected, but is somewhat unfortunate in not knowing exactly who that man is. He thinks that the rules which govern Ward meetings ought to control national politics. He talks loudly, and is not chary in the use of profane epithets. He has a strong impression that our city is of somewhat more consequence to the world at large than the remainder of the Republic.

At the proper hour the gentleman with a chairman raps with his gavel, and some party parson indulges in a prayer, which is doubtless a good thing for those who never hear a prayer outside of political conventions. Then the voting and the chin music begin in good earnest. A single individual has only the privilege of casting half a vote, but he sometimes clings to his fractional suffrage with a persistency which shows how strong is his interest in his uncommon country. As our readers well know, it is not an uncommon thing at the theatres to employ professional *claqueurs*, whose duty it is to ring in the "enthusiastic applause" at the proper moment. We more than suspect that the same tactics are adopted by politicians in pushing the claims of their champions. Certain we are that one beetle-browed freeman who sat close to us, kept proposing, at opportune and inopportune moments, three cheers for his man, and he couldn't have done it better had it been for a cash consideration. We soon sickened of Convention doings in the heat of these July days, and we came away so confused by the numerous motions and votes that we were compelled to purchase a newspaper before we could discover what we had been doing up at Tammany Hall. As it is, we think we shall be older before we attend another Convention, and we assure our country readers who kept away from the big show that their gain far exceeded their loss.

NOW FOR IT.—Each of the great political parties having nominated a candidate for the Presidency, an extraordinary demand has at once been made for the "Rogue's Lexicon," which contains all the slang phrases and Billingsgate to be found in the English language. For the coming four months Grant and Seymour will be completely laid bare and dissected before the public gaze, while Colfax and Blair will not have a single pin to stand upon by the time the election comes round. The most seasonable dishes will be served up in the daily papers, but the matutinal meal will be mainly *foul* and *sauce*.

A MEAN FELLOW.—A young fellow was taken up the other day charged with the lowest kind of meanness. He went up to a stand kept by an old woman on the east side of the City Hall Park, and after calling for and devouring several bowls of clam soup, directed the vender to wrap him up sundry candies, on receiving which he ran off without paying for either soup or candy. That was *sup*-erlative meanness, and *can de*-serve nothing less than imprisonment. We hope the proper authorities will consider the offence *grave* enough to put the fellow in the *Tombs*.

SAD STORY.—The heat is provocative of many mishaps. We are told of a lady who, in an overheated somnambulic state the other evening, walked out of a window fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, but who, fortunately, was not seriously injured. Next time she *walks out* of an evening it will be much safer if she will make her exit by way of the door on the *first story*, or a sad *se ond story* may yet have to be told of her.

CAN'T SEE INTO IT.—Mrs. Corgee, our boarding house keeper, says she can't understand these political conventions, for, says she, "the very men which wanted it most, didn't git it, while the 'tother man, which didn't want it every time, *got* it. I think if Pendulum had kept quiet, and desired it, he'd a got it, too." Mrs. Corgee is a sagacious reasoner.

THE FOX DEMOCRATIC CLUB of the Seventeenth Ward are to enjoy their first grand pic-nic at Strawberry Mansion on the 17th of August. The club is named in honor of Daniel M. Fox, Democratic nominee for Mayor.

DECEASED.—Mr. G. P. Disosway, who has written for the press all the way from the highly moral religious weeklies down to the *Evening Mail*, died suddenly at his residence on Staten Island on the 9th inst.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—It is said that the ladies have appeared in business circles in France, and buy and sell stock on the *Bourse*. If this thing keeps on a while longer, woman will be her own *boss* altogether, soon.

OH! DEAR! DEAR!—A woman in Houston, Texas, recently died of the disgusting habit of dipping snuff. Surely she was not *up to snuff*, or she would not have let it get *ahead* of her that way.

CHARITY.—Tom Thumb is represented as having lately given a dollar bill to a poor girl. Ah! but how many dollar bills have poor girls given to Tom Thumb?

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.—Every one that drives on the road knows the famed hostelrie of Harry Berthoff on the eighth Avenue and One Hundred and Forty-fourth street, just before you come to McComb's Dam. This cozy stopping place is the favorite resort of all who own and drive fast trotters, for, reclining on the spacious piazza, they can see and criticise all who pass along this favorite drive, note the speed of the animals they sit behind, compare notes, and "talk horse" at their leisure. On Wednesday last, Master Harry celebrated the first anniversary of the opening of his hotel by a grand entertainment to his friends, and they showed by their attendance, *en masse*, that their name was legion. A magnificent collection was spread in the spacious parlors all day, and the music of the popping of the Roederer and Heidsick continued without cessation until the latest hour that Metropolitan excise regulations permit. It was a very delightful occasion, and it was difficult to decide whether the host or his guests most thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

LOTTA YACHT CLUB.—At a regular meeting of this newly organized club, named after the sprightly little actress, Miss Lotta, held at their club house, Harlem, N. Y., on Monday evening, 6th inst., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Commodore, J. Lawson; vice-commodore, A. Connell; measurer, G. Fenner; secretary, A. McCulloch; treasurer, H. Bill. Regatta Committee—F. Kelly, W. Massey and J. Stewart. The club will accept our thanks for electing us an honorary member.

THE TWENTY ASSOCIATES.—This is the title of a sociable organization, composed of a score of festive youths residing at the 6th ward, who intend holding a grand pic-nic at Locke's Grove, Greenwood, on the line of the Boston and Maine Railroad, on Wednesday, 23d inst. In addition to the dancing, romping, flirting, feasting, &c., incidental to such gatherings, there will be extra attractions in the shape of a one mile foot race, a sack race, wheelbarrow race and jumping match, for prizes respectively of a silver cup, hunting case watch, photograph album and a splendid meerschaum pipe. Entries to be made at the hall, No. 8 Boylston street, Boston.

WALKING FOR A WAGER.—The walking

find that the third charge is sustained—that the umpire did not declare the winning club and record his decision in the books of the scorers, as required by rule 7, section 1, of the N. A. of B. B. P.

The committee further find that the failure of the umpire to do his duty was solely owing to his own indifference and neglect, and was not the result of undue influence or fear of personal violence.

It is not in evidence that the captain of the Union nine remarked the neglect of the umpire and requested him to do his duty.

Had such request been made, and compliance therewith been refused by the umpire, without just cause, the committee believe that such refusal and failure of duty on the part of the umpire should not invalidate the game.

No such demand having been made on the part of the Union Club, and the umpire having utterly failed to do his duty as required by rule 7, section 1, of the National Association of Base Ball Players, the committee, in accordance with rule 7, section 8, of the rules of the National Association of Base Ball Players, adopted Dec. 11, 1857, decide that the match game of base ball played on the 18th of June, 1868, between the Union and Empire base ball clubs, of St. Louis, Mo., on the grounds known as the St. Louis Base Ball Park, at St. Louis, Mo., must be held invalid, and cannot be recorded in the list of match games played in 1868.

E. S. McKEON, Athlete, Chairman.
GEO. H. DENNY, Dirgo,
JAMES HALPIN, Baltic,
CHAS. F. SIEMER, Resolute. } Committee.

THE HARVARDS DEFEAT THE TRIMOUNTAINS.

The first of a series of three games, lately arranged between the Harvard and Trimountain Clubs—the former of Harvard College and the latter the oldest club in New England—for the championship of the Eastern section, was decided at Riverside Park, near Boston, Mass., on the afternoon of Friday, 10th inst., about two thousand spectators of both sexes gathering to witness the play. The Trimountains played far below their customary standard, having worked together but once before during the present season, while the Harvards did brilliantly. On the Harvard side marked good play was made by Shaw at first base, Bush, the catcher, is a very strong man, and his swift and accurate throwing made it lively and dangerous work to steal bases. Sprague did remarkably well with two or three flies, and Willard made up for his usual high mark as short stop. Ames was rather inefficient. Every man in the nine struck in first rate style. On the Tri-Mountain side the honors were taken by Kelly in the centre field. Freeman played manfully under difficulties, while Franklin incurred much unmerited displeasure because he failed to take high flying balls with the sun blazing directly in his eyes. O'Brien's pitching was not his best and it was punished badly by the Harvard strikers.

The Tri-Mountain nine will start on the 22d inst., for a trip, during which they will play against the Union (champion), Mutual and Gramercy Clubs of New York, the Haymakers of Lansingburgh and the Williams College nine. Then they will be in a proper condition, and will play the next game against the Harvard nine with a fair prospect of success. We append the score:—

HARVARD.	H.	L.	P.	TRIMOUNTAIN.	H.	L.	P.
Shaw, 1st b	2	3	5	Sullivan, 2d b	2	3	3
Smith, 3d b	1	5	1	Barrows, 2d b	3	2	2
Hunnewell, p	4	3	1	Freeman, s s	3	1	1
Ames, r f	1	3	1	Lyons, r f	3	0	1
Bush, c	2	4	6	O'Brien, p	3	1	1
Rawle, r f	3	2	1	Putnam, c	4	1	1
Sprague, c f	3	5	2	Franklin, 1 f	3	0	1
Willard, s s	2	4	2	Kelly, c f	3	2	2
Welles, 1 f	4	1	1	Crosby, 1st b	4	1	1
Total	23			Total	27		11

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Harvard	0	5	0	5	2	3	3	7	0—25
Trimountain	1	0	0	0	3	0	0	2	1—7

Fly catches—Harvard, 7; Smith 1, Hunnewell 1, Rawle 1, Sprague 3, Welles 1. Trimountain, 11; Barrows 4, Freeman 2, Lyons 1, Franklin 1, Kelly 3. Foul flies caught—Harvard—Bush 2. Trimountain—Putnam 2. Base hits—Harvard, 25; Bush and Sprague 1 each. Trimountain, 7; Freeman and Lyons 1 each, Putnam 2, Franklin 3. Base play—Harvard, 17; out by Shaw 1, Smith 2, Hunnewell 1, Ames 2, Bush 1, assisted by Shaw 1, Smith 2, Hunnewell 2, Ames 4, Bush 2, Willard 3. Trimountain, 11; Sullivan 1, Barrows 2, Crosby 2; assisted 10; Barrows 1, Crosby 1, Freeman 3, O'Brien 1, Putnam 2. Struck out—Harvard, 3; Bush 1, Hunnewell 1, Rawle 1, Sprague 2, Willard 1. Trimountain, 7; Sullivan 2, Lyons 2, Putnam 1, Franklin 1, Crosby 1. Out on fouls—Harvard, 4; Shaw 2, Bush 2. Trimountain, 3; Lyons 1, Putnam 1, Kelly 1. Out on bases—Harvard, 3; Smith 1, Hunnewell 2, Ames 2, Sprague 1, Willard 1, Welles 4. Trimountain, 17; Barrows 2, Freeman 3, Lyons 1, O'Brien 2, Putnam 3, Franklin 2, Kelly 3, Crosby 2. Left on bases—Harvard, 5; Smith, Hunnewell, Ames, Rawle, Sprague, Willard 1 each. Trimountain, 3; Barrows, Freeman, Lyons, O'Brien, Franklin, Crosby, 1 each, Kelly 2. Home runs—Rawle and Willard 1 each. Double play—by Shaw. Umpire—Mr. T. Hooker, of the Yale College Club. Scorers—Messrs. Thomas B. Gannett and H. K. Bischoff. Time of game—Two hours.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE NORTHWEST.

FOREST CITY vs. EXCELSIOR.

The return match between the Forest City Club, of Rockford, Ill., and the Excelsior, of Chicago, for the championship of the northwest, was played at Chicago on the 4th inst., and resulted in the defeat of the Excelsiors. The first game having been won by the Forest City, they are now champions. Much interest was manifested in the contest, Chicago having of late been so frequently beaten in the National game, nearly every one was anxious to see the visitors go back as badly beaten as Chicago clubs have lately been. The interest in the game was shown by the presence of 2,500 ladies and gentlemen, who patiently stayed through the whole game, notwithstanding the intense heat of the day.

Mr. G. S. Richards, of Utica, N. Y., having been chosen umpire, and toss for innings having been made and won by the Excelsiors, the game commenced.

In the first inning Foley no sooner entered the field than he left; Stearns and McNally following his example. Result a whitewash. The first inning of the Forest City was a repetition of the first inning of the Excelsiors; Addie, Stines and King retiring in order, and as rapidly as possible, making a whitewash. The second inning of the Excelsiors did a little better, making three tallies. Taylor, Zeller and Grant did well. The second inning of the Forest City Club was a repetition of their first. The third inning of the Excelsiors was a whitewash, and not especially worthy of mention. Nothing of special interest occurred in the third inning of the Rockford club—the playing being moderate, though better than the whitewash of their opponents, resulting in two tallies.

In their fourth inning, the Excelsiors did well, obtaining 9. The Forest City repeated this inning the white wash of their previous inning; and consequently began to feel despondent. Nevertheless, knowing how to play, they were determined to work their hardest to the end. The Excelsiors in their next inning did fairly—going out with 3 on their list. The Forest City's, however, in the corresponding inning, showing a determination to stay in to the end of time, and not going out till they had rolled up a good total of 12, transferred the despondency to the other club. The sixth inning on either side was not remarkable; nor was the seventh, in which either club ended with four. In the eighth inning, however, the Excelsiors only obtained two, and the Forest City making 12, it became pretty evident which club would win the game. The last inning did not exhibit anything extraordinary. Below will be found the score:—

EXCELSIOR.	H.	L.	P.	FOREST CITY.	H.	L.	P.
Foley, c	0	4	2	Addy, 2d b	2	3	5
Stearns, 1st b	1	5	2	Stirls, r f	2	2	2
McNally, 2d b	1	5	1	Kinz, c	2	2	5
Taylor, s s	1	5	1	Barnes, s s	2	3	5
Zeller, l f	1	3	1	Waxham, 3d b	3	1	3
Grant, 3d b	1	4	3	Osborne, c f	0	3	0
Budd, r f	0	3	2	Barker, 1 f	3	2	2
Kennedy, c f	2	4	0	Spalding, p	1	4	1
Lex, p	2	3	0	Cone, 1st b	0	3	0
Total	11	27		Total	16	26	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Excelsior	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	2	6—11
Forest City	0	0	2	0	1	0	5	4	12—24

Flies caught—Forest City, 11; Excelsiors, 7. Umpire—E. J. Richards, of the Utica City (N. Y.) Base Ball Club. Scorers—Forest City, Mr. Price; Excelsior, W. Lowe. Time of game—Three hours and a half.

FOREST CITY vs. ALLEGHENY.

The Allegheny Club, of Pittsburgh, played a friendly game with the Forest City, of Cleveland, on the morning of the 7th inst. Game was called at 9:15 and ended at 11, they playing but five innings, in order to allow the Alleghenies to take the 12:10 P. M. Pittsburgh train for home. The game was a well contested one, and was umpired in a masterly manner by Mr. Hawkins, of the Athletic Club, of Philadelphia, and resulted in a victory for the Forest City by a score of 12 to 9. The following is the score:—

FOREST CITY.	H.	L.	R.	B.	ALLEGHENY.	H.	L.	R.	B.
J. White, s s	3	0	1	2	Foran, 2d b	2	0	0	1
Clark, 1st b	3	0	0	0	Nichol, 1st b	2	2	2	5
H. Brown, 3d b	2	2	2	2	Irwin, 3d b	1	1	1	3
L. White, 1 f	1	2	2	2	Cameron, l f	2	0	1	1
Hanna, 2d b	0	1	2	2	Brosey, p	2	1	1	1
Herne, c f	2	1	1	1	Bryan, s s	2	1	0	1
Smith, c	1	2	2	1	Still, r f	1	2	1	1
Vilas, r f	2	1	1	1	Buwer, c	1	2	1	2
C. Brown, p	1	1	1	0	Holston, c f	2	0	1	1
Total	15	12	12		Total	15	9	9	14

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th
Forest City	0	1	0	2	9—12
Allegheny	1	0	2	1	5—9

Home runs—Nichol, 1. Fly catches—Clark, 1; Smith, 4; C. Brown, 1—6. Foran, 3; Nichol, 1; Irwin, 1; Brosey, 1; Bryan, 1—7. Double plays by Smith and Hanna. Out on foul balls—Forest City, 7; Allegheny, 6. Time of game—One hour and thirty minutes.

OLYMPIC vs. GEARY.

On the 8th inst. a large concourse of the admirers of base ball met at Twenty-fifth and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, to witness the return game between these clubs. The game caused disappointment, as everybody had fully expected to witness a closely contested and well fought battle. After the first two innings no interest was manifested by the spectators, as the Geary was evidently demoralized, and the Olympics, from that time, had everything their own way. Below we append the score:—

OLYMPIC.	P.	L.	R.	GEARY.	H.	L.	R.
Rorke, p	3	7	1	Halback, s s	4	1	1
Harrop, c	3	5	1	Abel, c f	2	3	2
Oram, 1st b	3	5	1	Heubel, 1 f	2	3	1
Aiken, r f	3	5	0	Clinton, 2d b	3	2	2
Eckendorf, 3d b	2	5	0	D. Allison, c	2	3	1
Myers, c f	3	4	0	Opdycke, 3d b	4	1	1
Keen, 2d b	3	5	1	Myrtle, p	3	1	1
Welsh, s s	4	3	1	Hopkins, r f	3	1	1
Baily, 1 f	4	4	1	A. Allison, 1st b	3	1	1
Total	31	43		Total	27	16	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Olympic	3	5	0	6	0	2	7	12	10—43
Geary	1	2	0	1	0	2	7	3	1—16

Flies caught—Olympic—Rorke, 1; Harrop, 2; Oram, 1; Walters, 1; Eckendorf, 2; Myers, 1; Welsh, 4; Bailey, 1; total, 13. Geary—Halback, 2; Heubel, 2; Clinton, 1; Opdyke, 4; Hopkins, 1; total, 11. Foul balls caught—Olympic, 3; Geary, 3. Fair out on bases—Olympic, 14; Geary, 12. Struck out—Geary—D. Allison, 1. Umpire—Mr. Ellis, of the Athletic. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

HARRY CLAY vs. KEYSTONE.

The above Philadelphia clubs played a match game on the 9th inst. The Keystones were short several of their best players. The score:—

HARRY CLAY.	H.	L.	R.	KEYSTONE.	H.	L.	R.
Moyer, c f	1	4	0	Flowers, s s	3	2	3
Welsh, 2d b	3	2	1	Reach, 2d b	2	2	2
Severn, c	3	3	2	Henry, c	3	2	2
Roth, l f	3	3	0	Weaver, p	3	2	2
Boileau, 2d b	2	4	1	Morucci, l f	3	2	2
Holzer, 1st b	1	5	1	Albertson, 2d b	3	2	2
J. Collum, s s	1	3	1	Gillin, r f	3	2	2
Walter, p	0	0	0	Burleigh, c	2	3	3
E. Collum, r f	4	4	1	Ewell, 1st b	3	0	0
Total	18	31		Total	27	18	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Harry Clay	6	0	1	0	2	3	7	1	1—31
Keystone	1	0	1	0	2	2	2	7	5—18

Flies caught—Harry Clay—Moyer, 4; Welsh, 1; Severn, 1; Roth, 3; Walter, 1; total, 12. Keystone—Flowers, 3; Reach, 3; Henry, 1; Weaver, 6; Burleigh, 4; Ewell, 1; total, 18. Foul bound catches—Harry Clay, 4; Keystone, 1. Put out on bases—Harry Clay, 11; Keystone, 8. Struck out—Henry, 1; Morucci, 1. Home runs—Moyer, 1; J. Collum, 2. Umpire—Tom Berry, of the Athletic. Time of game—Two hours and thirty-five minutes.

STAR vs. INDEPENDENT.

The Capitoline ground was the scene of an interesting game between these Brooklyn clubs on the 11th inst. The Independents were short handed, but made a good fight of it up to the seventh innings, when the Stars made 15 runs, to which they were helped by the poor fielding of their opponents. The score follows:—

INDEPENDENT.	H.	L.	R.	STAR.	H.	L.	R.
Lewis, 1 f	4	2		Rogers, s s	1	3	
Noyes, s s	5	1		Manly, 3d b	2	3	
Edwards, c f	3	2		Brown, r f	1	3	
W. Brown, 2d b	3	2		Worth, c f	3	4	
A. Brown, 1st b	4	1		Johnson, 1 f	3	3	
McCosker, 3d b	2	3		Sullivan, p	3	3	
Bate, p	3	1		Wickham, 1st b	3	3	
Fenneman, c	4	0		Macdiarmid, 2d b	4	4	
				Thomson, c	2	3	
Total	28	12		Total	20	29	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Independent	2	1	0	2	1	0	3	1	1—12
Star	4	3	2	2	2	4	15	1	5—39

Umpire—Mr. Ferguson, of the Atlantic Club. Scorers—Messrs. Hartshorn and Sterling. Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes.

THE ATLANTICS AGAIN ON THE GO.—The Atlantics will take a trip to Plainfield, N. J., on the 14th, and give the local club of that town a lesson in our national game.

THE "HAYMAKERS" AT WORK.

UNION vs. EXCELSIOR.

The well known Union Club, of Lansingburgh, N. Y., took a short trip through Western New York last week. On the 9th inst. they played a sharp game with the Excelsior Club, of Rochester—the conquerors of the Athletics—and succeeded in winning a trophy from them. The game attracted considerable attention, as it was one of a series for the championship of Western New York. It opened with a fine send-off for the "Haymakers" of 8 to 5 in the first two innings, and ended with a score of 31 to 26. The Lansingburghers batted powerfully, while their fielding was first class. The Excelsiors, although they had out their best players, were unable to cope with their sturdy opponents. After their defeat of the famous Athletics their friends expected they would walk away with the country lads; but the difference in the playing of a nine that had been traveling and playing almost continually for a month (the condition the Athletics were in) and fresh, young players, like the Unions, was apparent to any one; and during the game the Rochesterians had a chance to speculate as to the probable result of the former game if the Athletics had been in as good condition as the "Haymakers." Craver, the catcher of the Unions, had the nail of one of his fingers torn out at the root early in the game by a stray ball, but played pluckily all through. The score is appended:—

UNION.	H.	L.	R.	EXCELSIOR.	H.	L.	R.
Craver, c	3	4		Sabin, 2d b	3	4	
Ward, 2d b	1	6		McKelvey, s s	3	4	
Davis, 1st b	4	3		Ward, 3d b	5	1	
McAtee, s s	2	4		Sullivan, r f	3	2	
Flynn, r f	4	3		Campbell, 1st b	3	3	
M. King, c f	2	3		Hoy, p	3	2	
Rus, p	3	1		Hilton, c f	2	3	
S. King, 1 f	2	4		Kimball, 1 f	1	5	
Pendield, 3d b	3	3		Porter, c	4	2	
Total	31			Total	26		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Union	1	8	5	6	8	1	0	1	1—31
Excelsior	0	4	3	6	3	0	0	2	2—26

Foul tips caught—Union, 4; Excelsior, 2. Flys caught—Union, 4; Excelsior, 2. Time of game—Two hours and forty-five minutes. Umpire—Mr. McDonald, of Niagara B. B. C., of Buffalo. Scorers—Messrs. Schofield and Kelly.

UNION vs. CENTRAL CITY.

The return game of the match between the Union Club, of Lansingburgh, and the Central City Club, of Syracuse, N. Y., was played on the grounds of the latter club on the 9th, and was won by the former, with a score of 35 to 14. The heat was intense and the attendance was not extremely large and included but few ladies. The game, to speak plainly, was not a very brilliant one on either side. Game was called at fifty-two minutes past two o'clock, the Central City Club at the bat. The game opened with much loose playing and more muffing on both sides. The batting of the Haymakers improved as the game progressed, as did their fielding. The loose playing of the Central City and also their muffing continued during the game, with occasionally an exception; for instance, in the fourth innings, and now and then a fine field play. Several of the members of the C. C.'s seemed to take delight in muffing everything that came to their hands. The batting of the Haymakers is the secret of their success. During the eighth innings the catcher of the Haymakers, Mr. Craver, was hit on the nose by a swiftly pitched ball, and for a short time the game was suspended. Dr. Didama, who was on the ground, attended to Mr. Craver's injuries, and after a short time he was able to resume his position. The following is the score:—

CENTRAL CITY.	H.	L.	R.	UNIONS.	H.	L.	R.
Cruttenden, 3d b	4	1		Craver, c	4	3	
Lawrence, c	3	2		Ward, 2d b	3	4	
Clark, 1 f	2	3		Davis, 1st b	4	2	
Dix, r f	2	4		McAtees, s s	3	4	
Cuthbertson, s s	1	5		Flynn, r f	3	3	
Scolield, p	2	2		M. King, c f	4	3	
D. Betts, 1st b	1	5		Rus, p	3	4	
Macaulay, 2d b	1	5		S. King, 1 f	3	4	
M. Betts, 3d b	0	5		Wilcox, c f	3	5	
				J. B. Staples, c	2	5	
Total	14			Total	35		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Central City	6	0	0	0	0	5	1	2	2—14
Union	4	1	6	0	5	3	0	7	9—35

Umpire—T. W. Haight, Jr., Auburn B. B. C. Scorers—Messrs. Schofield and Brownell.

AMERICUS, OF YORKVILLE, vs. BALTIC, OF HARLEM.

A game was played between these two clubs on Thursday afternoon, 9th inst., on the Mount Morris Grounds, corner of 124th street and 6th avenue, the game resulting in a victory for the Americus Club by a score of 33 to 20. Below the score is appended:—

AMERICUS.	H.	L.	R.	BALTIC.	H.	L.	R.
Crammitt, c f	2	5		Hickey, 1st b	4	2	
Trues, 2d b	3	5		Fraser, p	3	3	
Smith, p	3	4		Estes, 2d b	3	3	
Peffors, c	4	3		Mann, s s	3	2	
McManus, 1 f	4	3		Wright, 3d b	4	1	
McClymont, s s	4	3		Farley, c	1	4	
Roberts, 1st b	3	5		Morris, c f	2	1	
Shelly, r f	2	4		Fier, 1 f	4	1	
Stafford, 3d b	3	3		McMann, r f	2	3	
Total	33			Total	20		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Americus	3	1	3	5	0	5	7	7	2—33
Baltic	4	3	0	2	2	6	0	1	2—20

Umpire—Mr. E. Shelly, of the Union Club. Fly catches—Americus, 7; Baltic, 4. Time of game—Three hours.

THE ILLINOIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

The second game in the home and home match between the Forest City Club, of Rockford, Ill., and the Excelsiors, of Chicago, for the championship of the State, took place on the grounds of the latter, on July 4th, as follows:—

FOREST CITY.	H.	L.	R.	EXCELSIOR.	H.	L.	R.
Addy, 2d b	2	5		Foley, c	4	2	
Stires, r f	3	2		Stearns, 1st b	3	2	
King, c	2	5		McNally, 2d b	5	1	
Barnes, s s	2	5		Taylor, s s	1	5	
Waxham, 3d b	3	4		Zeller, l f	1	5	
Osborne, c f	3	2		Grant, 3d b	1	3	
Barker, 1 f	5	2		Budd, r f	3	2	
Spalding, p	1	6		Kennedy, c f	2	4	
Cone, 1st b	3	4		Lex, p	2	3	
Total	26			Total	27		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Excelsior	0	3	0	6	3	3	4	2	6—27
Forest City	0	0	2	0	1	5	4	13	3—36

Flies caught—Forest City, 11; Excelsior, 7. Flies muffed—Forest City, 9; Excelsior 6. Foul bounds caught—Forest City, 1; Excelsior, 2. Passed balls—Forest City, 8; Excelsior, 11. Left on bases—Forest City, 8; Excelsior, 12. Out on bases—Forest City, 8; Excelsior, 12. Umpire—G. S. Richards, of Utica. Scorers—Forest City, H. W. Price; Excelsior, W. Lowe. Time of game—Three hours and thirty minutes.

UNIQUE vs. ENTERPRISE.

These Staten Island representatives of the bat and ball played their first game on the 11th inst., with the following result:—

ENTERPRISE.	H.	L.	R.	UNIQUE.	H.	L.	R.
Simonson, c f	4	2		Gosman, 2d b	3	4	
Lawrence, c	3	3		Harriman, 3d b	4	3	
Clark, 1 f	2	3		Doubleday, p	1	6	
Dix, r f	2	4		Simmons, r f	4	2	
Cuthbertson, s s	1	5		Brownlee, s s	2	5	
Scolield, p	2	2		M. Staples, 1 f	3	4	
D. Betts, 1st b	1	5		Dingeman, 1st b	3	3	
Macaulay, 2d b	1	5		Wilcox, c f	3	5	
M. Betts, 3d b	0	5		J. B. Staples, c	2	5	
Total	20			Total	37		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Enterprise	5	6	3	1	1	0	1	0	3—20
Unique	10	1	3	3	2	3	9	1	5—37

Umpire—J. A. Williamson. Time of game—Two hours and fifteen minutes.

SOUTHERN BALL PLAYING.

The Tiger Club, of Vineville, and the Stars, of Macon, Ga., were pitted against each other near the latter place, recently, the result of which was as below:—

TIGER.	H.	L.	R.	STAR.	H.	L.	R.
Solomon, c	5	4		McLaughlin, s s	1	4	
A. Blue, s s	2	5		Ross, c f	2	5	
Logan, 1 f	3	4		Abrams, 1st b	4	2	
Moughon, r f	1	6		Shinholster, p	3	4	
Huguenin, r f	3	3		Rodgers, c	3	3	
F. Blue, 2d b	4	4		H. Key, 2d b	4	2	
Connor, p	2	7		Stephens, c	4	1	
Obear, 3d b	3	4		Meyers, 3d b	4	1	
J. Lamar, 1st b	2	3		Freeman, l f	2	3	
Total	25	41		Total	29	23	

Scorers—C. B. Corbin, Tiger; W. P. Stubbs, Star. Umpire—T. B. Gresham.

TOUR OF THE CHAMPION UNION CLUB.

The Unions have finally concluded to make a lengthy tour to the West, and have arranged their route so as to play with about the same clubs that the Athletics and Atlantics encountered. They will leave by the Albany boat on the evening of Sunday, July 26th, and will return about the 28th inst., Previous to the Union Championships will play the Stars and Mohawks of Brooklyn, Gramercy and Orientals, of New York, Yale, of New Haven, and Star, of Pleasantville. The following is the official list of the games and their dates:—

July 27.—National Club, of Albany, N. Y.
July 28.—Central City, of Syracuse, N. Y.
July 29.—Auburn, of Auburn, N. Y.
July 31.—Forest City, of Cleveland, Ohio.
August 1.—Railway Union, of Cleveland, Ohio.
August 3.—Detroit, of Detroit, Mich.
August 4.—Central City, of Jackson, Mich.
August 6.—Atlantic, of Chicago, Ill.
August 7.—Cream City, of Milwaukee, Wis.
August 8.—Capital City, of Madison, Wis.
August 10.—Excelsior of Chicago, Ill.
August 12.—Forest City, of Rockford, Ill.
August 13.—Bloomington, of Bloomington, Ind.
August 14.—Union, of St. Louis, Mo.
August 15.—Empire, of St. Louis, Mo.
August 17.—Active, of Indianapolis, Ind.
August 19.—Louisville, of Louisville, Ky.
August 20.—Olympic, of Louisville, Ky.
August 22.—Buckeye, of Cincinnati, Ohio.
August 24.—Cincinnati, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

LIVE OAK, OF ALBANY.—This club, the junior champions of the Empire State, have reorganized for the season of 1868 by electing the following officers:—President, Ald. M. S. McGue; 1st Vice President, Thomas Hastings; 2d Vice President, John J. Magennis; Recording Secretary, John P. Flynn; Corresponding Secretary, M. V. Evers; Treasurer, James D. Walsh; Captain 1st Nine, John Murphy. Board of Directors—P. J. Weldon, John A. McCall, Jr., Wm. E. Murphy, John J. Evers and John J. Magennis. They played their first match of the season on the afternoon of the 26th ult., their opponents being the Ravenswood, of Long Island, which they defeated by a score of 37 to 20. Their second game was played on the afternoon of July 4th, for a splendid set of field colors, presented by the Common Council of the City of Albany, valued at fifty dollars. Their opponents were the Ætna, of Jersey City. On the fifth innings one of the Jersey club got sunstruck, which ended the game, the score standing 34 to 11 in favor of the Live Oak. The Ætnas, seeing no chance of their winning, wisely gave up the game, which is said to have been witnessed by three thousand people.

BEST THROW ON RECORD.—On the Union grounds, Cincinnati, on Thursday, July 9th, Johnnie Hatfield, of the Cincinnati Base Ball Club, threw a regulation ball of the full size and weight the extraordinary distance of *one hundred and thirty-two yards.* The measurement was in the presence of a large number of spectators. Mr. Hatfield threw six times, as follows:—369 feet; 377½ feet; 396 feet; 382½ feet; 382 feet; and 378 feet. Can Fox equal that?

THE GAME IN INDIANAPOLIS.—The return game of base ball between the Active and Western Clubs came off on the 9th inst., at Camp Burnside, and resulted in favor of the Actives by a score of 63 to 22.

KNICKERBOCKER vs. UNIQUE.—The former, of the metropolis, and the latter, who hail from New Brighton, S. I., played a match at Camp Washington on the 9th inst., the Knicks winning by a count of 40 to 34.

THE HARMONIC CLUB, of the City of Churches, was defeated, 47 to 41, by the Enterprise, of Clifton, S. I., at the New Brighton grounds on the 8th inst.

UNION vs. UTICA.—The Haymakers finished their short tour on the 10th and left for home the same night. But seven innings were played, and another victory was scored by the Unions, the totals being 30 to 10.

A DOG FIGHT THAT DIDN'T COME OFF.—A canine controversy was lately arranged between the Irish imported dog Crib, of Brooklyn, belonging to Frank Collins, and the dog Arthur, the property of Jake Roome, bred from his dog Billy. The fight was to have taken place on Rock Hill, near New Haven, Ct. The parties arrived at the City of Elms about 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 12 M. they started for the scene of action. The dogs were, upon weighing, found to be at the weight stipulated, 18½ lbs., and all preliminaries were arranged as soon as possible, but now the proprietor of the hotel on the hill refused to allow them to fight. Roome offered to fight anywhere but the other wouldn't agree to anything and so the affair ended in "no fight."

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

Great Trot Between Lady Thorn and Mountain Boy on the Union Course, L. I., for Two Thousand Dollars.

LADY THORN THE WINNER IN FIVE HEATS.

TIME, 2:23¼; 2:21¼; 2:21¼; 2:25¼; 2:25¼.

There was the largest assemblage of spectators gathered together on the Union Course, L. I., on Thursday, the 9th inst., to witness the great trial of speed between the two renowned fast trotters, Lady Thorn and Mountain Boy, that has been seen on that classic course since the day that the immortal Queen of the Trotting Turf, Flora Temple, and the famed New Jersey stallion, George M. Patchen, trotted their memorable match over it in the month of May, 1860. The occasion was the meeting of the above named flyers to contend for a purse of $2,000, the liberal gift of the proprietor of the course, Mr. Wm. Shaw, for a race of mile heats, best three in five, in harness. Lady Thorn and Mountain Boy have repeatedly met before, trotting two races last year with alternate success, the mare proving victorious over the Fashion Course, while the bay gelding was successful over the Union Course. This year they had encountered each other twice at Narragansett Park, Providence, and at the Mystic Course, Boston—on both occasions Lady Thorn being triumphant. Confessedly, the two fastest trotters now on the turf, there was a general desire expressed to see them contend for superiority in the vicinity of New York.

THE HORSES.

LADY THORN is a big, slashing bay mare, upwards of sixteen hands high, with black points. She is very bloodlike in appearance, and her pedigree confirms it, for her sire was Mambrino Chief, a son of Mambrino Paymaster, who himself was a grandson of imported Messenger. Her dam was by Gano, who was by American Eclipse, (the great successful antagonist of Henry, in the memorable four mile heat race between the north and the south), out of Betsy Richards, a daughter of Sir Archy, and grand-daughter of imported Diomed, the winner of the first English Derby in 1780, and the fountain of the purest and best racing blood in America. She was bred by Dr. Herr, of Lexington, Ky., and for some years, although she showed possession of great speed, it was almost impossible to train her on account of her intractable temper, although now she is one of the gentlest animals living. About five years ago she was purchased by Mr. Reif, of Philadelphia, a gentleman who has owned some of the fastest trotters on the American turf, and who possessed extraordinarily sound judgment in all matters pertaining to a horse. She was first placed in the hands of Sam McLaughlin, but it was when trained by that able horseman, Dan Pfiffer, that her great powers of speed and endurance were most fully and highly developed. Her defeat of the world-famous Dexter on the Union Course, L. I., June 12th, 1865, in four heats, (Dexter winning the third), although the latter subsequently convincingly proved his superiority on five different occasions, stamped her reputation as a wonderfully fast and promising mare. Her style of going is long, low and regular, and from its ease and vigor is most deceptive, few imagining that she is moving so fast as the chronometer proves she is doing.

MOUNTAIN BOY is a bay gelding, slightly over fifteen hands high, and was sired by Mr. Lilburn's

PERCHANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

My heart ys wearie, wearie, wearie—
My heart ys wearie and full of woe—
For the lyght of my lyfe I have not seene
In my boudoyr synce three days ago.
I cannot 'broyder, I cannot play,
I cannot paynt, I cannot syng,
For I myss the sound of hys manly voyce,
And ye baked peanuts he used to bryng.

My heart ys wearie, wearie, wearie—
My heart ys wearie, yndeed yt ys!
How my languishyng eyes would lyghten up
If I could but set them on hys phyz.
Why comes he not? O, dread suspense!
O, horrid thought—yt cannot be
That he, false heart! on another bestows
Ye baked peanuts instead of me?

No! perysh ye thought! he has sworn too oft
On hys oath and hys bended knee, that I
Am the gyrl for hym, and I ayn't so soft
As to think such a game as that he'd try!
But ye more I thynk ye more I believe
That that absent dear young lover of myne
Has invested a dollar and gone to take
A tryp to ye Hub by ye Brystol Lyne! J. H. B.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ

No. 13. The Novelties Club.

Intimately connected with the fortunes of the Park Theatre, was an association of authors, actors, journalists, artists and gentlemen at large, who had united themselves under the whimsical title of the "Novelties Club." I presume the society was organized, in the first instance, by the newspaper critics and other habitual attendants at the theatres, as a sort of intellectual exchange, where birds of a feather might congregate to discuss the more prominent topics of the day, and interchange ideas as to the merits or demerits of the pieces produced at the metropolitan theatres. Congregations of this description appear coeval with the existence of theatres, as we have traditions of Shakespeare and Ben Johnson at the Mermaid, of Garrick and his associates at the Spiller's Head, where they concocted those witticisms laid at the door of Joe Miller, an actor who could neither read nor write. At all events, in our time, we have had some dozen of these convivial re-unions of men of letters and those sympathizing with them, which have flourished for a time and then went the way of all flesh.

The Novelties started under remarkably fine auspices, and as the members were limited to a hundred, it was considered an honor to be admitted among so exclusive a fraternity. The fees and dues being merely nominal, the disadvantage of the club system—which measures respectability and intellects by the depth of a pocket—was avoided. Indeed, the Novelties might be said to have gone to the other extreme, inasmuch as they only allowed two merchants among them, and these two only gained admission upon the ground of being patrons of the fine arts, and, through implication, artists.

The rooms of the Novelties were located in the second story of the Cornucopia, next door to the Park Theatre, a once famous restaurant and bar-room, located in the basement, which used to be the resort of such of the mercantile community as were given to indulgence in theatricals, hot punches and lobster salads. The merchants of my younger days were jolly dogs, who, notwithstanding the fact that they generally lived overhead of their stores, accumulated handsome fortunes and spent a handsome income in cultivating friendly relations with their neighbors over a mahogany table and a well filled bowl. Hospitality was then the rule with New Yorkers, and it extended to an endless bound. Total abstinence was an unknown virtue in those days of our happy simplicity, and if the gentleman enjoyed his bottle the workingman was entitled to his small beer or Jamaica rum. Every parlor of the aristocrat or of the trader contained a massive mahogany sideboard, upon which was daily arrayed bottles of various liquids and from which was poured forth such beverages as suited the palate of the visitor, for to enter a man's house and leave it without a glass of wine would be regarded as an insult which could never be repeated.

The Cornucopia was at one time the headquarters of a knot of merchants who set an excellent example to their clerks by pushing round the bottle until neither they nor the bottle could very well stand. They were all great men upon 'change in their day, residents of Beekman, Frankfort and other streets adjacent to the Swamp. They were rich, festive, generous, hospitable and happy. They neither starved themselves nor allowed others to starve, and when it came Christmas they never allowed a poor man to pass their door or a little urchin to wish them a happy New Year without a handsome gratuity. They worked hard for the comfort of their households and reaped their reward in a ceaseless round of jollity.

The Great Mogul of the crowd was Tom Gardner, a bachelor with half a dozen children, two of whom occupy high places among our present Fifth avenue aristocracy, one a real live French Countess, notwithstanding the fact that the worthy merchant, consistent even after death, qualified the legacies in his will by the words "said to be my children." Tom used to get staving tight, and when in that condition performed the most eccentric acts of charity, of which, as he was a shrewd and penetrating man of the world, he had little reason for repentance. One night, hearing that the Cornucopia was to be sold for a debt, he purchased the establishment on condition that the proprietor should move out before twelve o'clock that night. Tom, after his bargain, went to the theatre, and picking up some friends went for their usual supper, when, to his pretended astonishment he found the counter, bar materials and the whole establishment out on the sidewalk. Upon being informed that he had purchased the place, Tom gave his check for double the amount he had previously paid, upon condition that the original proprietor should move back again before daybreak.

The generous Tom Gardner was likewise a practical joker, as well as his friend Thomas B. Smith, the tea merchant. One day Tom went to the City Hotel, and informing the proprietor that payment depended upon a wager between him and Smith, asked if he would furnish a dinner, regardless of cost, for a round dozen, the loser to pay. As both betters were eminent and wealthy men, the hotel keeper jumped at the offer and consequently a dozen men, good and true, indulged in such a dinner as Epicurus might have envied, and duly washed it down with prime old port, golden sherry and sunny Cote of Tokay. Tom expressed himself satisfied with the feast, and remarked that the loser would call and settle the bill. Months passed, but no settlement came, when the hotel man began to grow uneasy and inquired as to the nature of the wager, which information was refused on the ground that he might interfere to the prejudice of either party. Finally, upon receiving his solemn assurance that he would in no wise intervene to militate against his interest, Tom informed the anxious hotel keeper that he had bet Smith that when the steeple of the Brick Meeting House fell it would fall due North, and that payment of dinners depended upon the result. The consternation of the worthy boniface can be easily imagined at the distant prospect of cash before him, but as soon as the joke was well circulated, Mr. Gardner soothed mine host's sorrows by liquidating the bill and letting the steeple stand.

The president of the Novelites was a character in his way, and well-known to most of our citizens. Professor James J. Mapes was a short, stout man, almost as broad as he was long, whose very appearance was indicative of his dispesition. He was a highly educated and thoroughly practical scholar, with a decided penchant for good living and a happy knack of being in a perpetual good humor. Among the first to apply the science of chemistry to agricultural purposes, the jovial professor was among the founders of the Farmers' Club, and, I believe, for many years a practical experimenter upon the theoretical facts enunciated by him as a scientific lecturer. He was a decided humorist, a clever writer, and an amateur artist, but it was chiefly to his conversational abilities that he was indebted for his popularity and his position in the Novelties.

The secretary was a gentleman by the name of Barnet, an irascible individual, with a hereditary rheumatism, yet, withal, an agreeable companion. He was subsequently treasurer of Burton's Theatre, where his influence and ability were of immense service to that manager, who was decidedly unpopular, both with his profession and the press, notwithstanding his immense endeavors to conciliate both. I recollect well that several journalists combined to bring out Burton's wife, who kept a little newspaper store near Temple Bar, in London, and even went to the length of hiring a store in Broadway to start her in the cigar trade, with the secret conduct to Barnet's ears, for stimulating the vindictive newspaper men from a purpose which would have absolutely ruined him in public estimation.

The treasurer of the club was John Povey, of the Park, an office which was almost a sinecure, but yet conferred a color of honor upon a most worthy gentleman. John originally belonged to Drury Lane, but came to this country with his sister—better known to us as Mrs. Knight—who was at one time the reigning belle and vocalist of the London stage. Mr. Povey commenced at the Park in Braham's part in the "Devil's Bridge," but some how or other commenced descending the theatrical ladder, despite his many good qualities, until he relapsed into the most subordinate parts. His affection for his sister was a notable feature in his character, while he seemed to regard the welfare of the entire dramatic profession as committed to his trust. Personally frugal and almost abstemious in his habits, he endeavored to set an example to actors to avoid the prodigality and recklessness which has rendered the old age of many a scene of wretchedness and penury.

The dramatic profession may not be aware of the fact, but it is mainly to the influence of Mr. Povey that they owe the formation of the American Dramatic Fund, for as he himself was for many years a pensioner of the Drury Lane Fund, he was practically aware of the advantages of this provident system. When Fanny Butler was at the Park she donated five hundred dollars, at his suggestion, into the hands of Philip Hone, Gen. Morris and some other gentlemen as a nucleus for the fund. What became of this money formed the subject for a long newspaper discussion, until finally a few energetic actors, headed by Wm. Fleming, managed to obtain legislative sanction of the project. It is singular, however, that after receiving the appointment of paymaster in the army Major Fleming, now deceased, conceived a strong hostility against the institution for whose benefit he had labored strenuously. One of his last requests to his friends was to conceal from his creditors the fact of his having been an actor.

As a matter of course the newspaper people, who constituted a vast majority of the Novelties, were the controlling spirits of the concern, and therefore putting to blush the truth of the old adage as to two of a trade. There were all departments of literature represented in their ranks; editors of ponderous monthlies, sprightly weeklies and volatile dailies meeting on a common platform, and enjoying themselves at a common table, for once a month the club gave a game supper, to which any member had the privilege of bringing a friend. The advantage of this privilege soon became apparent, for many of the most eminent vocalists, temporarily sojourning in the city, favored the club with their presence, and repaid the compliment with specimens of their skill which could not be otherwise obtained for love or money.

Prominent among the journalists stood Major Noah, a liberal, intelligent and thoroughly educated man, at that time editing the Sunday Times. The major, who had been one of the Sessions Judges, being of an obliging and considerate disposition, and ever anxious to advance the interests of his friends, suffered most particularly from a lack of business tact. The most successful of his newspaper enterprises was the Evening Star, of which the manager was a thoroughly practical man of business named Thomas Gill, whose energy and application brought the major's ability into play. Mr. Gill was never much known even among the press circle, yet his death, under the peculiar circumstances of his occurrence, was a source of regret to the mercantile community, who had begun to regard the Star as its most reliable organ. Mr. Gill purchased a lot in Greenwood Cemetery, then growing into notoriety, and although at the time he was in the full enjoyment of health, he received the deed in the morning, and going to his residence as usual for his dinner complained of a slight stupor; then lying down for a slight rest, he slept soundly, but when the family came to awa en him his eyes were fast closed in death.

Speaking of newspaper men reminds me of the grand dinner given to Bayard Taylor, prior to his return to Europe, at his residence in Chambers street, on the occasion of his retirement from the Sun. It was such a gathering as was never seen before, nor can never be drummed up again this side the spirit land. There were journalists of every calibre, and of every political variety generally believed by the world at large to be mortal enemies, but upon this festive millennium, the lions and the lambs of the newspaper world put their legs together beneath the well-laden mahogany in the most amicable and fraternal manner. There were the Hons. Horace Greeley and the Hon. James Brooks, both newly elected members of Congress, who felicitated each other and the press at large on the triumph of human intelligence, as evidenced in their election. There were Stanton, of the Pebble, Locke, of the New Era, and Darcy Aches, recently imported as representative of Young Ireland, who took to canvas back ducks as naturally as if he had dined upon them all his life. In fact, there were there everybody and everything, and matters went as merry as a marriage bell until about the middle of the night, when Richard Adams Locke, who couldn't stand festival Johannisberger, in answer to an allusion to the "Moon Hoax," began to open on to our host, with whom he had a quarrel of some years' standing. The ball opened, every journalist began to take sides *pro* or *con*, and a general free fight of words occurred, during the confusion of which Greeley and the most sober of the party made their escape, thoroughly convinced that if ever the discordant material of the New York press could be brought together, it must be at a regular meeting of the temperance society.

Another prominent member of the Novelties was H. Hastings Weld, then editor of the *Morning Dispatch*, a small sheet, designed as a rival to the *Sun*, whose weekly was a mammoth sheet, the size of an ordinary blanket, called the *Brother Jonathan*. In those days of penny papers and gigantic weeklies, papers started into existence mushroom-like, flourished for a moment, and then disappeared as suddenly as the will o' the wisp. These ephemeral sheets were generally edited by men of literary ability and reputation; as for instance the *Evening Signal* and its tender the *New World* by Park Benjamin, and many more whose names have passed from my recollection. Benjamin, who was a cripple from birth, was obliged to use crutches, and ordinarily employed a one horse gig for his out-door transportation. Like too many others in that way afflicted, Benjamin was a sarcastic and vindictive writer, assailing his opponents in the most unmeasured terms. Between the *Signal* and the *Dispatch* a bitter rivalry existed, and Park outpoured his wrath upon his antagonist in coarse and vulgar personal abuse. The deacon, as we used to call Mr. Weld, was a quiet, unassuming, yet able man; he bore Benjamin's assaults with more than Christian meekness until his patience became thoroughly exhausted. So, walking down Ann street, the *Dispatch* man, full of ire, came upon Benjamin sitting in his gig—a regular Jemmy Ducks—a handsome, stately man above the seat, and forthwith called him to an account for his abuse. The deacon meant fight until his eyes rested upon his enemy's legs, or rather deficiency in those articles, when his tone suddenly changed. "I say, Benjamin," he added as a finishing touch, "if you write such an article as that again, I'll lick—your horse."

Both papers soon after departed their literary life, when Mr. Weld entered upon the study of theology with such success that he is a real, genuine deacon and the officiating clergyman of a Protestant Episcopal Church somewhere in the suburbs of the Quaker City.

Another shining light of the Club was Sam. Nichols, the partner of the eccentric *Dow, Jr.*, and co-editor with him in the publication of the *Sunday Mercury*, a very lively and hard-working Englishman, well versed in theatrical lore and well skilled in the game of cricket, and consequently a great authority in the greenroom and upon the field. He originally commenced his newspaper life by acting as reporter on the *Star*, but in so doing merely imitated the example of his editorial associates, for in those days it was believed that quill driving required an apprenticeship, as any other trade.

I can barely call to mind the familiar names of many of the prominent Novelties, drawn, as they were, from every professional source. There were Page, Inman and McDougal among the artists; Judge Kent, Recorder Talmadge, John W. Edmonds, Ambrose L. Jordan, Marshal J. Bacon, Governor Mason, Alfred H. Corning and Mayor Morris among the legal fraternity; Lewis Gaylord Clark, Gen. George P. Morris, Warren Draper, William T. Porter, Jim Porter, Jim Fiela, Joe Lachlan, Westervelt, Fred. West and others among the literary geniuses; Charles M. Leup, James Palen, Arthur Jones and a few other friends to the arts; Simpson, Mitchell, Bengough, Loder, Seguin, Wheatley, W. R. Blake, Charles Mason, Nickerson, Hornecastle, Hamilton, and many more distinguished members of the theatrical profession.

I do not know the composition of the fashionable clubs now existing in our midst. I have visited but one or two, and find them bad imitations of those London institutions whose chief merit is to supply their subscribers with the advantages of a first class hotel, for, until Jim Sanderson concluded to instruct the Londoners in the way of keeping a hotel, such an arrangement was unknown to the great metropolis. Yet, I will say—from all my experience, and without vanity I can say that has been extensive in both hemispheres—I never met with a larger collection of intellect and talent than appertained to this obscure and little known Club.

The Novelties flourished for a very brief period (it was too good to last long), so it came to a premature end, hastened by the Dickens fever. It was during the first visit of the "inimitable Boz," as the inscription of that gentleman's silver snuff box styled him, and everybody had the Dickens on the brain. A Boz ball had been given at the Park Theatre, with *tableaux vivants*, in which I distinctly recollect seeing my friend John Povey doing the fat boy in Pickwick with a charming breadth of character; the president at large had bestowed upon him a glorious dinner, at which Washington Irving presided; in fact it was Dickens, like Figaro, here, there and everywhere. Hence it was excusable in the Novelties to catch the prevailing malady, if they did so, and it proved the death of them.

The Novelties concluded to give the great Dickens a strictly private dinner at the Astor, and as admission to the festival could only be obtained through membership, hundreds of applications poured in to fill the few vacancies then existing. One black ball excluded, and as one had climbed into the vacancy in particular proposition, the excluding black ball never failed to turn up, especially as the friend of the first man black balled exerted his prerogative in revenge. Finally the dinner took place under the presidency of Judge William Kent, the most polished gentleman and finished scholar of his day. The first appearance of their guest and the fashion of his garments, dampened the ardor of his admirers. Think of an individual coming to dine with the Bench, the Bar and the Press in a claret colored cutaway coat, lined with black velvet, drab pantaloons with a fancy stripe, red waistcoat and spotted Belcher tie. The apparition of Boz in this attire was as fatal to our festivity as that of Alonzo the Brave at the nuptial feast of the fair Imogene. Nevertheless, we dined and we wined, but the Novelties, as a club, never survived the shock.

RED HOUSE RECOLLECTIONS;

A Look in at the Old Sports of Manhattan.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The old resorts at which so many of our citizens were once in the habit of passing their leisure time are gradually dying out. Some have long since evaporated. Others are in the decline of life, and are preparing to meet their departure, while new ones, of greater capacity and loftier pretension, are beginning to supersede them. Like the old "publics," the customers themselves are in the sere and yellow leaf, and a new race of sports, who are known by the genial name of "young bloods," have sprung up to represent them—fellows who transport the airs of the drawing-room to the field and the race course, and do all their practical hunting and sporting by proxy. The past generation of that class were men of sinew and muscle, who prided themselves upon a practical knowledge of horses, and could pass whole days in the woods or on the water in search of their favorite pastime without feeling any serious privation, and who did not think it indispensable to go to the course in a fancy costume, nor to clamber themselves with a variety of new-fangled apparatus, so extensive as to require an extra conveyance to carry, and a servant to tend them. The city has grown with rapid strides, and, in growing, has obliterated many an ancient landmark, consecrated to the past by old associations.

Among the different suburban resorts, the Red House has always maintained a foremost position. Less than twenty years ago, while Yorkville and Bloomingdale, as yet, had existence, it was the principal resort of large numbers of sportsmen, and men of leisure, who met there to learn the latest news and to indulge in such pastimes as were best suited to their diverse dispositions. Ned Luff was landlord—a person combining within himself all those rare qualities necessary to the making of a popular Boniface. Ned possessed another attribute, too, of the prosperous publican; he was neck and heels in debt, and the presentation of his portly person in the doorway of his comfortable house was sufficient to assure the wayfarer that the best of fare and entertainment was to be had within. What had been originally a source of pride to Ned became at last his bane, and he increased so rapidly in size that he was at last no unfair representative of Daniel Lambert. He died eventually, and only a short time since, literally a martyr to good living.

In his palmy days the Red House Stables gave shelter to some of the finest racing stock in the land, including several of the celebrated pacers and trotters, whose owners were staunch patrons of the tavern. The theatricals resorted principally to Tom Blakely's, an excellent out-of-town resort, kept by the once famous and popular actor of that name, in the vicinity of the Reservoir, and within a stone's throw of old Cato's—the site whereof is now covered by stately houses—but occasionally they would extend their trips to Luff's, where Billy Mitchell, Edwin, Harry Hunt and many other celebrities were now and then to be found "a-taking of their beer." Of the dinners prepared at Luff's who shall speak in sufficient terms of praise? Luff was a sort of an Astor in the gastronomic, Luff was always sure to have the best of everything, whether meat or game, which the market afforded, while his garden, adjoining, furnished the most delicious of vegetables. Hard by, on the margin of East river, and below the racetrack, was Sandy Gibson's boating station, where anglers were in the habit of engaging boats for a day's fishing at Hurl Gate, or in some of the narrow straits diverging from the river. It was in this g ound that Lew. Rogers, the mighty fisherman, was wont to troll for bass, and where Sam. Wright, the keeper of St. George's Hotel, Hoboken, was as much in his element as on the land. We remember going forth once into Hurl Gate in a little skiff, under the pilotage of Sam, in the midst of a storm which had lashed the waves into fury, for a trifling wager, and coming back through the perilous "race," after a two hours' drenching, somewhat fatigued, but none the worse for the adventure.

Shall I recall the shades of those who in days of yore enlivened the place with their presence? Step forward, "Little Bitters;" Tom Van Riper—owner of the capacious hunting van, by tongues irreverent christened Rip Van Winkle, on account of his many lent propensities; Seth Wilkins, known as "the Solitary Horseman;" Peppergut Jones, the loquacious; Jack Spicer, Bully Child and Andrew Wemmel; Mart L——— and Harry O ———; and while we are about it, let us also have up old "Methusalem Jericho," a venerable nabob, who would occasionally stroll over in pleasant weather to take his "nobbler" and perhaps to join in the conversation, when it was not too noisy. Old Jericho, by the way, is still alive and kicking, having amassed an enormous fortune by speculations in lands in the regions around and above Central Park. His youngest son—a gay young rascal of sixty, who wears an intensely black wig and still handles the ribbons—is frequently seen upon the roads and is usually visible at the Jerome Park races. Jericho, Sr., was a sad young "Rip" in his day, and was at one time a butt for nearly all the practical jokes that were played round those premises. Having become on a certain evening what is called "swipey," it was resolved to put him to bed, and one of the party with whom he had been imbibing was deputed to escort him to his room. A mischievous idea entering the head of the escort, he pointed to the door of an adjoining apartment, which happened to be open, and in Rip went. He had not been long under the sheets when the cars of the revellers below were saluted by a series of oaths an' yells and a rumpus of the most formidable description. All rushed to the spot, where a remarkable scene presented itself. In the corner of the room stood young Rip in *puris naturalibus*, as the saying is, brandishing a chair as a weapon of defence, which an irascible gentleman of muscular proportions was endeavoring to beat down with a bannister, which he had torn from the stairway, while, sheltering herself by the curtains of the bed, stood a lady, who had evidently, after unmaking her toilet, floundered in upon the snoring Jericho, whom she mistook for her husband. Said marital partner coming up immediately thereupon, and hearing the shrieks of his wife, grasped the implement aforesaid, which, being a sea captain, he used as a marlin spike, and hastened to demolish the unlucky Jericho—which he would undoubtedly have done had it not been for the interference of outside parties. What had occurred precisely, I do not know, but from the rumpled condition of the lady's hair and furniture, I should judge that Rip had more than found his match. The captain, after a sharp scrutinizing glance at his wife, was satisfied all was right and allowed Rip to back out with his clothes as gracefully as he might, but it was some time before Rip forgave the trick of which he had been made the victim, and which came near resulting in a suit at law.

There also used to come often an eccentric personage nicknamed "Threadbare Tucker"—an individual of splendid pecuniary resources—who, while he kept up the outward show of fashion, even to the eye-glass and the greasy gloves, out of which his fingers were s en protruding, was continually growling at his ill luck; although I defy any one to refer to the time when he was ever known to make any effort to better it. He abominated all ordinary occupations as plebeian, and had, withal, such a way with him, spoke so learnedly, too, of fishing and hunting, that he contrived to maintain a sort of footing among us, and rarely allowed to go penniless, in return for his amusing stories and his services as a guide and instructor in our little expeditions. Poor Tucker! He went to bed one night without a sixpence in his pocket and the refreshing assurance that he would be turned out of his lodgings on the morrow to awake a man of fortune! Some distant relative, of whom he had never heard, had taken it into his head to die and leave him all his worldly property, to the exclusion of other heirs. But prosperity proved too much for Tucker! In the brief space of four or five years he had run through the whole of his property, and at last appropriately wound up his career by an involuntary plunge from a yacht which he had proved incompetent, by reason of his breeding infirmity, to manage.

Last of all comes quaint "Ben. Jonker," elliot and caustic in his "quips and cranks," and potent sermons like have often set the table in a roar, and whom three hands, not many years since, assisted to deposit in a nameless grave in a far and foreign land.

Such are a few hurried reminiscences of a locality which was a centre of attraction when many of the greybeards of the present day were entering manhood's prime, and when the great city itself, now gradually surrounding it, was but just beginning to feel the impetus that led it on to greatness. B. O'G.

A SUMMER VACATION AT ANTLER LODGE;

OR,

Getting Over the Dog Days.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

While meditating one sultry day in June as to the most advisable method of whiling away the approaching summer heats, a tap on the door disturbed the silence of my darkened office, and a messenger delivered into my hands a note from 'Squire Merrifield, of Antler Lodge, inviting me to pass a few weeks at his snuggery on the banks of Lake George, in company with such friend as I might select. As the invitation was exactly in accordance with my mood, I set about the task of preparation, and, in company with an old chum, started without delay for the scene of future enjoyment, bearing with us, as propitiatory offerings, a box of cigars and a package of tobacco for mine host.

The "Lodg" is just what one would infer from its name, and is so far removed from other habitations and so hemmed in by natural scenery as to suggest a comparison with that "lodge in some vast wilderness" of which the poet has written. If "boundless ambiguity of shade" might be a desideratum, the Squire had abundance of that blessing, for his dwelling was literally embowered in trees and rocks. A somewhat singular retreat, it must be confessed, for one whose associations had been altogether connected with the city, and who had "run" with the leading sports for so many years, that his hair had grown grey in the friendly struggle with time. Having acquired a handsome fortune as an honest publican, he had concluded to retire to this secluded spot, where he might rear his children apart from the contaminations of the great Babel, and pass in peace the few remaining hours allotted to him. The Squire, although verging on sixty, was still erect and hearty as a buck, with a roundness of belly and a rubicundity of complexion that told of good living and a mind at peace with all the world.

There, in his rustic home, the Squire led the life of a retired gentleman, riding, driving, hunting and fishing, as became a gentleman of wealth and leisure. Annually, as the summer came round, a number of invitations would be issued to friends in distant parts, and thus a merry party was usually to be found assembled at the Lodge during those portions of the year when the country was accessible. Rumor connected the old Squire with the hotel, which was not so far distant but it might be seen from the verandah (a trellised po ch supported by cedar trunks embellished with antlers by way of capitals), but whether this were the case or not, it is certain that no luxury figured upon the cards at the travelers' resort which was not to be found upon his table. A billiard table and a model stable which gave shelter to several thoroughbloods, made the thing complete.

We found a lively party assembled at the Lodge, who were engaged in discussing the arrangements for the ensuing day's amusement when we entered. A council of costume effected, we sat down with some half-dozen others to as choice a dinner as ever tickled the palate of an epicure at the Metropolitan or Delmonico's. Beside the rotund and joyous Squire himself, there were Rounce Hawthorne, a rich city swell, well known from Dan to Beersheba as a patron of out-door pastimes, which he defended upon scientific principles; Thornley of Tattersalls; Barclay of Gotham; Tom Harkaway and "yours to command," of Gotham. The civilities of the table were presided over by Bessie, the Squire's eldest daughter, who had grown up a buxom country girl, and was herself no small stake of a "sportsman." And thus, with

"Game from the mountains and fish from the brooks,
Oysters fresh plucked from the weed covered rocks,
Health from the breezes and fruit from the trees,
Meats from the herds and honey from bees,"

we finished a repast such as only the jaded palate of a tired traveler can properly enjoy. The conversation ran principally upon the chase and matters connected with the turf, and healths were drank to the favorites with whom aforetime we had foregathered at various places of resort. The triumphs of the old Beacon and Fashion courses were lived over again, and the merits and demerits of Lady Suffolk and Fashion once more discussed as though those pets of the track were in the height of their fame, and were to figure on the course to-morrow. The squire was great, especially in matters involving horseflesh, and expatiated in high terms upon the value of an intrinsically good horse, of whom it is said by the Psalmist:—

"The glory of his nostrils is terrible;
He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength."

The Squire did not wonder that twenty-five thousand pounds and an annuity for life of five hundred more was asked by his owner for the celebrated English Eclipse, nor that a certain enterprising publisher had given for Dexter a price that was equivalent to a fortune. The Squire "stuck up" for the horses of our own country, which he declared would compare well with the best produced abroad, while he claimed that our race courses in their circular form and absence of turf, have advantages over the more regular tracks of the English. "As for our trotters," quoth the Squire, "I am ready to match them against the world. When you can show me examples of trotting in harness that will come anywhere near our ordinary two-nitty, I'll acknowledge the corn and own up I don't know anything about horses." And it is believed that the annals of the turf, pursued for upwards of a century in this country, will support the Squire's assertion.

"But don't always believe what they say about *bad* horses," said the Squire, helping himself to brandy for the twentieth time; "you know there's an old saying—

'One white foot—buy a horse;
Two white feet—try a horse;
Three white feet—look well about him;
Four white feet—go without him.'

All humbug," said the Squire, with a hiccough; "don't 'ee b lieve a word on it. Boston and Lexington had white stockings, and—and——"

How far he would have gone it is impossible to say, had he not at this moment allowed his feet to slip from under him, and olled under the table, which was very properly taken by the rest of the company as a hint to retire. Before this, Rounce Hawthorne, of the Orpheus of the party, favored the company with a song, of which I remember only a couple of stanzas:—

"What pleasure's found with gun and hound
Or the sportsman's cheering call,
And with a woodsman's cra't to snare
The feathered treasures of the grove.
The cool breeze fans the fever'd cheek;
While with new health the heart beats high,
And for reward, at close of day,
The tell-tale glance of a maiden's eye.

"Or seated on my gallant grey,
As o'er the field I gaily bound,
I hearken to the view halloo,
And track the course of hare and hound;
And when the evening shades descend,
We homeward take our weary way,
A parting glass goes cheerly round
And pleasure crowns the parting day."

We were up with the first blush of morning, and afoot in the intricacies of the wood, at which time the squirrels were gathering nuts and the robins were out in search of food for their young. We were after nothing short of a deer, and as we went the Squire enlightened us as to the habits of the animal, remarking how strange it was that no hunter had ever found the cast-off horns of the common American deer, nor body nor bones of such, except where death has ensued by violent means.

"That reminds me," put in Tom Harkaway, "that the remains of little birds are never found, either, and yet, I dare say, they die just like other animals. Perhaps they have undertakers to hurry them out of sight before the body begins to be disagreeable."

"It's one of the mysteries of nature," said Thornley, "which may be answered when you tell me why it is that no man was ever known to shoot either woodcock or hunters' voices were distinctly audible at the distance of one mile or so."

This rebuke had the desired effect, and we plodded on in silence until the eye of the Squire, experienced in woodcraft, detected traces of deer in the grassy soil. An exciting time followed. By his direction the party divided and took different ways, thereupon circumventing the prey without letting him get to windward of us. After beating about for an hour without result, although we might have slain rabbits and partridges by the score, we all came together at the foot of a spur of hills, abutting on a deep valley some hundred yards wide. There we saw the Squire, some hundred feet ahead of us, crawling on hands and knees through the grass, with rifle at cock. He motioned us to keep back, and, raising my eyes, I saw, leisurely taking their way along the side of the hill on the opposite side of the valley, a herd of five as fine buck as I ever beheld. Without thinking, we all gave a shout, when the deer were off like a flash of lightning. The Squire's gun went off, too, hitting one in the leg, but they all got clear—thanks to our cleverness. The Squire boiled over with wrath. To think that he should come so near his game and miss it after all! It was too much!

"This comes of being brought up in the city," he said, contemptuously. "But I ain't going to give it up so. Scatter, now, all of you, and make amends if you can. *I* don't go home without a deer, if I don't go home till Gabriel blows his horn!"

That night we all met at the place designated by the Squire—a small shanty, or shooting box, about half way down the hill, toward the lake. Two fat buck had rewarded our exertions, besides a variety of smaller game upon which we supped luxuriantly, in spite of the rain, which was falling in torrents. Only one was absent, and that was young Barclay, who, having never been in the woods before, had probably never shot at anything larger than a chipmunk. Our apprehensions for his safety were considerably assuaged by the thought that the worst he had to apprehend was a night's thorough drenching. We feasted, drank and slept.

Barclay's account of his adventures next morning at breakfast was a harrowing one. He had mistaken his direction, lost his way and finally—his clothes, torn by the briars, which had pierced his skin, his face and hands covered with mud, his garments saturated with water, his powder saturated, too—had taken refuge, cold and hungry, at the foot of a tree, where, protected by the branches, he slept as well as he was able. In the morning he found to his chagrin that he had "camped" almost under the very eaves of the lodge of which he had been in search.

In this and similar diversions several weeks were whiled pleasantly away, the forest furnishing game and the waters of the lake delicious fish in abundance. At length the hour came when the parting word must be said, however reluctantly. Mr. Harkaway had been for some time a suitor of the Squire's daughter, Bess, and to him, I dare say, it was the saddest moment of all. They were betrothed, and had repaired on the afternoon previous to the shore of the lake for a bath—Tom taking one side of a deep spur of rock which projected into the water, and Bessie the other. While thus innocently engaged, some naughty boy passing that way espied their clothes and deftly contrived an exchange. How they managed to set things right again I could never definitely ascertain, but it is whispered that the moon had arisen, casting the shore into deep shadow before Tom, by preconcerted arrangement, backed up the hill, holding in his manly grasp a bundle of crinoline and other "nigmarics," while Miss Bessie, blushing to the toes, advanced in similar manner, and, tendering him his indispensables, received her own.

Ah, me! They are married now, and tell these few amusing anecdotes for the benefit of their children.

"THE FLYING MAN."

At a recent meeting of the London Æronautical Society it was announced by Mr. Wenham that one of the members of the society, Mr. Spencer, had already constructed an apparatus by the aid of which he had accomplished the feat of raising himself from the ground level and performing a horizontal flight of 60 feet, and it was further stated by Mr. Wenham that Mr. Spencer expected to fly the length of the Crystal Palace during the meeting of the Æronautical Society, to be held there on the 25th inst. Since the above announcement was made, Mr. Spencer has published some particulars of the apparatus employed by him. It consists of a pair of wings of rather small size, arranged so that they can be worked by the arms; and a large, fan shaped tail of a very light construction connected to the body by basket work, so that it stands at an angle of about 3 degrees with the horizontal. Mr. Spencer does not profess to fly in the ordinary sense of the term. He uses his apparatus by taking a short quick run, this run being continued until, by pressure of the air against the under surface of the tail, e is raised from the ground. He then, by using the wings, maintains the momentum which he has acquired as long as possible, and is thus enabled to sail along at a short distance above the ground. Mr. Spencer commenced his operations by practising long jumps without the aid of apparatus, and he then commenced using the wings, and finally added the tail. By continued practice and from time to time making alterations in his apparatus, Mr. Spencer has been enabled to extend considerably his early flights or "skims," and we were informed by him a few days ago that he had lately accomplished a horizontal flight of 18 feet, starting and alighting at the ground level. Mr. Spencer is now engaged in completing a new apparatus, which he hopes to finish in time for the exhibition of the Æronautical Society at the Crystal Palace.

THE TRAGEDY AT MERE HALL.

It was a golden afternoon in August, and we were a party of eight on the Mere, of whom I was the eldest, the others being mostly giddy boys and girls. They will none of them ever forget that afternoon, I think, though each of them should live to see three-score years and ten.

When on the Monday we met at Mere Hall, which our friend, Lady Ashleigh, had just taken on a lease, we were all strangers to each other. St. Leger De Maine and I laughed together, this being Thursday afternoon, when we remembered how we had come down from town, three days before, in the same carriage, had read our respective papers, and had never uttered a word, like true Englishmen, during four mortal hours. For here were we, on the Thursday, already intimate friends. Miss Vivian Galway was also in the train, and I, who knew her by sight at London balls, felt rather alarmed when I found her alighting at the Mere Hall station. So completely there was no wife, no child, nor near relation to whom the intelligence had to be broken: a couple of old servants who had known the dead man from toyhood were the only occupants of the farm. Reuben was absent, they said; had been so since dinner at one o'clock, when there had been high words between the brothers. Something of the quarrel had been overheard. There had been accusation and recrimination: bitter and insulting taunts from Richard had been replied to with more warmth than usual by Reuben. He had been called a beggar, a dependant on his brother's charity: he demanded now to be repaid the money he had given to Richard: then he would go. The quarrel waxed yet more violent, but the servants could not give a very clear account of what passed after this: as indeed, in a loud and angry altercation it is difficult to do. Richard suddenly rose, and went out in the direction of the lake: his brother shortly followed him with his rod: he had not been seen since. A magistrate, resident in the neighborhood, who was riding by at the Mere Hall woods, and had, therefore, been afraid, at first, to come forward and state what they had seen; until, their young consciences smiting them, when they learnt how Reuben was suspected of murder, they revealed all to their father.

As to the accused, he had been listening to this evidence, meantime, with an expression of face which I shall never forget. With the first words the boy uttered, it seemed as though the cloud began slowly to drift away from his troubled brow. The check kindled into a little spot of color, the deadened light of the eye revived, the breath came short and quick. As he boy spoke, the whole of that scene—the facts of which, I am confident, had completely faded from the memory of the unhappy man, who nothing but the horrible impression of them remained—the whole of that tragic scene returned to him with vivid distinctness; and he burst into tears. He seemed to wish to speak, but it was some minutes before he was sufficiently recovered to do so. At last he said, in a broken voice:—

"What you have heard, sir, is the truth. I know it all now; my brain has been troubled. This is how it happened:—We had words about money and other things, he and I. He was—sir!—no matter, sir, I can't say anything against him now; but he swore I had no right to fish in the Mere, and shouldn't use the boat again. When I came down and found it gone, and him in it, I was angry, because I knew I had as good a right to it as him, and that he had taken it to rile me; but I began quietly to fish from the bank, until I saw him at the Point filling his pockets with stones. I guessed what he was after. In a minute or two he shoved in a bit nearer to me (out away in the deep water, however), and began blackguarding me, and pelting me with the stones from his pocket. I kept my patience as long as I could; at last one cut my cheek open, and I picked it up and sailed it back. He ducked his head; the stone fell into the boat close to him, and he—— there was a plunge and a yell, and he was gone, sir! My God! I shall never forget it. I couldn't have saved him if I'd tried, for I can't swim; but I don't think —may God forgive me!—that, for the *first* moment, I wished it; the next, I would have given anything—anything to have brought him back to life. I had killed him—it seemed to me so—and Cain's brand was upon me. My brain whirled round—it seemed on fire. I thought I was going mad. I didn't know what I was about, but I ran round the lake, as far away from the spot as possible. My hope, I think, was that the body would never be discovered; for no one ever used the boat but myself—ever went on the lake. I nearly died of horror, therefore, when I saw these gentlemen get into the boat—which had drifted to the opposite bank—and row towards the very spot. *I knew how clear the water was.* I tried, like a miserable fool, to prevent their going there. I scarcely know what I said to this gentleman; it was all of no use

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF AN ACTRESS.

[Translated from the French of the celebrated Jules Janin.]

The recent and wretched death of an actress, whose name was long popular among the frequenters of the Theatres des Varietes, has inspired Jules Janin with some pages of prophetic power and a truthfulness almost terrible in its biting irony. Few pens have yet l id bare, with so much courage and power, the bleeding wounds which, in the case of most women, are hidden beneath the spangles of the theatrical costume.

In vain do I laugh and strive to be gay—I am in no mood for laughter. Yesterday, at nightfall, in the Champs Elysees, I met a phantom! an old woman, a being without a name! She was sad, and yet you saw upon her faded countenance all the indications of laughter! She was walking slowly, and there was something bold and flaunting in her step! She was in mourning, and the corner of a pink petticoat was visible through her black gown. She passed silently through the long avenue; her sob seemed like the refrain of a song! In that ruined nature you recognized with close attention some traces of refinement; you saw some marks of care amid those rags! Who was that phantom? She held in one hand an old fan that might have belonged to a duchess, in the other an old umbrella that a portress might have carried; she had a wooden shoe upon her left foot, a silk stocking on her right; she smelt of ambergris and the wine of the tavern; in the adjustment of her head dress you recognize the coquette, the slattern in the disorder of her hair. Ah! what luxury, what indigence in that woman! She had trodden under foot and scattered with lavish hand all the flowers of spring; she had grown old upon a pallet of straw! She had drank from the golden goblet of youth all sorts of praises of her grace, her beauty, her talent; and, after intoxicating herself with the draught, now grown old, she had quaffed the filthy dregs contained with a thousand nameless insults in the broken cup of age. She had been beautiful, elegantly adorned—all was worn threadbare. Alas! for her, the wretched! the triumphant! the envied woman! the hoary crone! She had been the goddess of honest joy and innocent laughter, and six months before her death she was but the horrible priestess of the coarsest mirth! She was born at the Theatre; she died in a booth at a fair. Even the smiling name of her youth had become, with age, an appellation of pity and disgust; she was called Flora; she had played the principal child's part in the "Courses d' Ete;" she had appeared for the last time in "La Canaille!" And now she was walking, with her soul in trouble, seeking for one word of sympathy beyond the tomb.

After some hesitation she approached me, half tears and half smiles; she knew that I had always been kind to her, that I had often consoled her, that I felt deeply sorrowful at seeing her, at the age of a grandmother, sacrificing, of her own accord, and without pity for her grey hairs, the respect that is due to age. Unfortunate woman! she held under her emaciated arm the first volume of her *Memoirs* (for she has written her memoirs, and they have been published by Michel Levy; but do not be alarmed, she is modest, and has only filled three octavos with her whole life!) In an old basket upon her other arm were the second and third volumes of her biography, together with a fragment of looking-glass, a pot of rouge, a stocking full of holes, an embroidered handkerchief, a cake of soap, and some marvellous wash, equally efficacious in whitening the teeth and blackening the eyebrows; old gloves, sugar plums, a clove of garlic; add a bundle of *billets-doux*, verses of love and gratitude from the Monte de Piete, a pot of pomatum, a piece of cheese, a cigarette, a thousand little ends of lace, a thousand little scraps of ribbon, and then, at the bottom, quite at the bottom of this receptacle, a rosary, and the *Journeer du Chretien!* It had a sad sound, a false sound, that overloaded basket, where twenty sous were jingling with an Alencon diamond, a pinchbeck brace let and a piated diadem.

When she came near me she looked at me from her small, dead eye, in which the old fire still occasionally sparkled, beneath the ashes of departed passions, and without a word she held out to me the first volume of her memoirs, which she turned over before my eyes, moistening with her saliva her dry and withered fingers!

It was a sad sight to see that woman plucking, with trembling hand, the green fruit of her youth! She was born in the theatre, at the Palais Royal, one evening that the piece, "Je Cherche Mon Pere," was played for the first time, and the first baptism she received was her mother's tears. "Nature's first baptism gives us parents' love," says M. Ribie, in his pantomime of the "Enfant du Bonheur." In her childhood she had the theatre for her cradle; in her youth she had the theatre for her school; the Palais Royal was her country. She began by singing M. de legur's songs to Margozzi's music. She had a Jocrisse for her master; she was born among the Jocrisses, and for a long time, very one knows, that in matters relating to poetry and the rama all Paris swore by Mme. Augot and Jocrisse! Add to Jocrisse another hero of that fabulous epoch, Cadet Roussel! It as the hour of Tiercelin, Brunet, Vestris, Duprat, of the "Fille des Innocens," the "Intrigue Sur les Ports" and the Foire de Pandin." It was broad farce, in the absence of something better. "We have abandoned the old psalms," says one Schiller's heroes, "people do not wish to sing them, but comic ngs as much as we will." It was the era of the comic songs, d people went to *Brunet's* as they went to Versailles. Thus e little Flora grew up fresh as a rose, and she naturally began being virtuous. So she was carried off by a fashionable bootaker, who signed his letters *Zarensky*. Polish prince!

Luckily the Polish prince yielded up his prey, and the fair one n took her revenge. Alas! her heart was weak and her will s not strong! God, who had rescued her from the talons of crosky, threw her into the arms of an unknown, beautiful as day. He was young, he was handsome, he was brave, and was killed at Waterloo while drawing up a will by which he de M'lle Flora his sole heir. "This is my will; I leave to le Flora four millions which——" A ball from the enemy off that valiant hand, and crushed that noble heart, b fore it will was written and signed in the forms required by law. I there was a fortune gone! Oh! misery! And so think this heroic widow, that young Flora, twenty days after the th of her lover who was killed at Waterloo, at the moment was leaving her all his fortune, went to dine with Rotopschin. burnt Moscow, with Orloff, M'lle Elomire and M'lle Guizot. y dined together, and those Pyrrhuses of the parade ground d of Troy in flames to those Electras of the Vaudeville, e Iphigenias of the Theatre des Varieties! Thus she conle she loved Rotopschin! He even promised to write to her, she promised to answer his letters (his flame we might say), he forgot to write and she forgot to answer. They were with one another. And then she met M. Felix, the stock ter, and M. Michonneau, the rich merchant; she was the d of M. Felix, and she became the companion of M. Michau; she even fell in with M. Arthur, who robbed her and pered her, and followed her with threats and insults, until thical should be the gallows of its due, and dead a natural death as about to follow the lady to St. Petersburgh.

en the phantom shook violently her second volume; she wshamed of her follies, and if phantoms ever blushed, she sure would have blushed! Yes what a strange thing is that monous narrative of these lives of luck and chance, the mary of that madness we already know, the echo of that my which is the same misery since women have existed and there have served them as pedestals. Here a duel and there a ide; now a life passed in wandering through taverns, with the door is shut in their face, and theatres where they are hist. Further on, the fortune of an hour, the luxury of a da Now comes the suicide of the ruined lover, and now the deor of the mourning family.

In the unfailing train of deception, anxieties, ups and dow debts, protests, executions, all that makes the public lau all that is repulsive! Away! away! old fingers of the phom! away, old fingers of death, that no living hand will tou Away! disordered heart and head! away! dead spirit! aw joy and misery! away! forsaken women, amorous actres! away! phantom! away with all that allures to the precee and the abyss! away with the dance and death, the ballad *de profundis*, the coffin and the shroud! go and comappear and disappear, ye courtiers of that woman, fatterepf her vices, who one day enacted in her house, in the *allees Vendes*, in honor of Flora, a vaudeville which had been comsed for her royal highness the dauphiness. They compared M'lle Flora to Minerva! They called her Antigone! They chand scarcely anything in their vaudeville, and they treated the press as they had treated the princess, the wretches!

Sh were her reminiscences, these her passions, these her tears She had a child, and the father of that child robbed her of thlittle fortune that remained to her at the moment when the undoned actress had nothing to look forward to but self-reproh and self-contempt. For, if she would still live (Great God it what a horrible price!), if she would still shun those threenemies who are seizing upon her, hunger, solitude and cold (I warned, ye women of marble!) she must, now that she is oldnd wrinkl d, she must, at the fatal moment, when the eyebrs turns grey, when obesity is making sad work with her delicpersonson, she must, wretched woman, write the memoirs of heabomination, she must crush herself with the laughter of despa that the public may laugh at thy despair, mock thy grief, e moistened with thy tears! No other lot for thee, my daughr, no other fortune! It must be so! Thou must be horrib in thine own eyes, and in the eyes of all! Thou must lay be to theu thy wounds, show them thy famine; they must e bare and stripped of all; hear the coarse laugh in the midst of thyuin, the infamous jest that mingles with thy blasphemy! It mustbe so! It is the law of thy being, it is thy condition, thy corract, thy winding sheet! And when they will no longer laugh a thy old age, when thou shalt no longer be the fashionable puppet, when the crowd shall be weary of playing with thy skull inide the grave that was bestowed on thee in charity, when a human lip will touch the vile dregs of thy mind—then, unfortunate, thou must remember this last miserable resource, thou shalt find nothing to gain even in the baseness of thy own humilit even in the greatness of thy own offences. And this was themisery of M'lle Flora. She had long lived upon the contemp she had heaped upon herself; long, upon a pitiless stage, hd she played the unworthy parody of herself.

At firs they laughed at it much, then they laughed much less, and at lt all this merriment at the depth of the abyss inspired only horor.

When she had turned over, one by one, with a disdainful and angry hand, the leaves of her autobiography, the phantom cast the three volumes upon the damp ground and trod them under foot as if she would have avenged herself upon that poisoned life. And then she arose with no more thought of me, who was gazing at her attentively, curious, moved even to tears. Oh! unhappy, yet again! Has she suffered enough in her vanity, her pride, her ambition, her passions?

She went upen her way, rustling her ragged shroud, through which the cold wind was moaning, sighing over that career which has opened amid the noisy gloom of the Grand Opera, to close beneath the smoky lights of the Petit Lazari!

First Night at a Circus.

You were a boy once yourself—you remember that, of course—but do you remember the first time that you ever went to a circus? Ah! that was a time! The glitter of the gaslights, hung in a circle round the tent pole, first caught your expectant eye; the hum of many voices that gave pleasant sense of life; the blast of the peculiar music—circus music—that stirred every nerve in your little body, and fairly drove you wild with excitement? Then, after waiting the few minutes that seemed so long, the gally caparisoned little pony was briskly led out of that magic door into the arena, led by that nice-looking fellow in tights and spangles, all glittering with silver and gold, red skull cap with a mass of black hair floating from under it, a very fairy prince, and this was your first gush of pleasure, and you instinctively joined in the universal "Ah!" that burst from the mighty audience, but who—what is it that dashes the curtain aside again, and, leaping the bar, comes bounding into the ring, with a "*Here we are, my masters!*" The clown, as I'm alive! And what a roar of merriment greets him! Oh, what a funny fellow! See him now go up to that bench of little girls—"Here she is! I knew my sweetheart would be here to-night!" and whack! goes the lash of the handsome ringmaster, who followed him in. You would think poor Grimaldi had caught an awful cut, from the start he gave; and the comic howl, that made you roar with laughter. "How dare you, sir, make free with my little visitors?" "*Your* little visitors? Ha! ha! my masters; they came here to see the little calves." "Calves, you rascal! there are no calves here." "Why, yes, master, there are three of them." "Where are they, sir? Tell me that, or I'll——" "Well, sir, there are two in your boots, aren't there?—that's two." "And where is the other, sir?" and Master Merryman turns round to the little people, and says, "I'm *talking* to the other calf, master!" and crash goes the lash again, and you are full up to the very brim with oh, such fun! Then comes the grand cavalcade of knights and ladies, in bright armor and silk and gold, looking like the real princes and princesses in the Arabian Nights' stories, and the music begins again, and steeds prance and gay pensons fly, and the clown asks, "Where is my horse?" "Your *horse*, sir? *jackass*, you mean." "All right, master," and he makes believe to get on the master's back, and catches it again. Then the boy mounts the little donkey and they both roll over together, leaving you all in a fever of fun. The ringmaster tells you this "magnificent," etc., etc., "will be repeated to-morrow night," and everything vanishes, and you depart in a dreamy atmosphere of pleasure.

☞ Holloway's Ointment.—What diseases are more painful than Piles and Fistulas, and where, says the sufferer, can any cure be found? We answer, there is a sure remedy that never fails; it is HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT, sustained by the testimony of thousands.

BASE BALL.

CREAM CITY vs. GARDEN CITY.

These ball clubs, the former of Chicago, Ill., and the latter of Milwaukee, Wis., played a match at Milwaukee on the Glorious Fourth, beginning play at 3.15 P. M., in the presence of a numerous concourse of spectators. The Garden City won the toss and sent their opponents to the bat, when Wood soon appeared as first striker. By his hit he made first base, and by passed balls secured second, third and home. Wells followed by making his first on three strikes, and second and third on passed balls. Redington was captured on a fly by B. Mackey, and McFaden went out on a foul. Larkin make a good hit to centre field, reaching his second thereby; his third by a passed ball and home on Norris' three strikes. The latter managed to reach his third by sharp practice, followed by Smith, when Dodsworth got both home by a grounder to centre field, he reaching his second. Sweet reached his first by a hit to short stop, but was captured in trying to make his second, thus closing the innings for five runs. The Garden City boys commenced their first innings by T. Mackey striking to short stop, and, by shrewd tactics, getting home on a hit of Pullen's, O'Day being on his third. Jackson then came to the rescue, and by a hard hit to right field reached first, third, sending the rest home, he stealing to the same *rendezvous* afterwards. Fox and White then went out on fouls, and Davis' career was cut short by being caught on a fly by Larkin, the innings closing for four runs. The result of the first innings on each side was so close that a tough contest was anticipated, but this appearance was changed in the second innings by the Cream City youths retiring for a blank, while the Gardeners scored 10, making them altogether the favorites in speculation; and as the game progressed their chances improved, until, by making eleven runs in their ninth innings, they brought their total up to 52, their opponents having finished their career by a score of 20. The game, as a whole, was interesting and well played all round, and at its close friendship and festivity ruled the hour. For details of play read the appended score:—

Cream City.	H.	L.	R.	Garden City.	H.	L.	R.
Wood, 1st b	3		2	T. Mackey, c	1		8
Wells, 3d b	3		5	D. O. Day, p	1		1
Redington, c	4		1	Pullen, 1st b	5		4
McFaden, s s	4		1	Jackson, 2d b	1		8
Larkin, c f	4		3	Fox, 2d b	2		5
Norris, l f	3		3	White, s s	4		4
Smith, p	1		4	Davis, l f	2		6
Dodsworth, 2d b	2		2	Somers, r f	4		4
Sweet, r f	3		1	B. Mackey, c f	3		5
Total	27			Total			52

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Cream City	5	0	3	0	6	1	2	2	1	—29
Garden City	4	10	6	3	4	8	4	2	11	—52

Passed balls—Cream City, 7; Garden City, 15. Fly catches—Cream City, 9; Garden City, 11. Called balls—Cream City, 19; Garden City, 27. Umpire—Shelton, of Atlantic Base Ball Club of Chicago. Scorers—Charles First and R. Alien, Jr. Time of Game—Three hours and forty-five minutes.

BEATEN ON THEIR OWN GROUND.

On the anniversary of the day which gave birth to American liberty, oratorically speaking, the Olympic Club, one of the cracks of the Elongated City, sped over the rails to Baltimore, and in the afternoon engaged in a friendly tilt with the Maryland Club, the meeting attracting a pretty strong muster of femininity and masculinity. After a game, which was well played upon both sides, Force and Leach—the former at short stop and the latter as pitcher—deserving especial mention, the Washingtonians triumphed. We give the score below:—

Maryland.	H.	L.	R.	Olympic.	H.	L.	R.
Hooper, r f	1		6	Force, s s	1		4
Wilson, 1st b	5		1	Dennison, 1st b	4		4
W. Lilly, p	4		3	Malone, 2d b	2		5
G. Lilly, 3d b	2		4	Robinson, c f	3		4
Hazelhurst, c f	3		3	Beach, c	2		5
Keerl, c	3		3	Young, r f	4		3
Annan, s s	3		3	Seymour, 3d b	2		5
Worthington, l f	3		3	Robbins, l f	4		1
Rogers, 2d b	3		3	Leech, p	4		3
Total	29			Total	35		

Umpire—E. S. Parker, National B. B. C.

STAR vs. ATHLETIC.

The match played at Kenosha, Wis., on the 4th of July, between the Star, of Milwaukee, and Athletic, of Kenosha, resulted in favor of the Star by a score of 14 to 8. The ground was in very bad condition owing to the recent rains. The game was called on the 6th innings. The Athletic refused to give up the ball, as they would not call it a game; the boys, however, were handsomely treated during their stay. The following is the score:—

Star.	H.	L.	R.	Athletic.	H.	L.	R.
Ellis, p	0		3	Hauals, 1st b	3		0
Hooley, r f	3		1	English, 2d b	2		1
Waldo, c f	2		2	Miller, p	1		2
Curtin, 2d b	3		1	Miller, c	1		2
Van Dyke, l f	3		2	Vilmer, c f	3		0
Russell, s s	2		2	Theirs, 3d b	1		1
Tyson, c	3		0	Miller, s s	2		1
Briner, 1st b	1		2	Williams, r f	2		1
Smith, 3d b	2		1	Officer, l f	3		0
Total	14			Total	8		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Star	2	0	5	6	1	0				—14
Athletic	2	2	2	1	1	0				—8

Fly catches—Star, 4; Athletic, 4. Fouls—Star, 3; Athletic, 2. Passed balls—Star, 5; Athletic, 2. Umpire—C. Simound. Scorers—Sullivan and Strong. Time of game—Two hours and fifty minutes.

MUTUAL vs. HARLEM.

The Union Park, Tremont, N. Y., was christened on the 8th inst., the occasion being a match game between the Mutual and Harlem clubs. The water for the christening process was supplied by Jupiter Pluvius, who sprinkled mother earth in such profusion as to almost render it unfit for use. The game was very one-sided at the start, and became no more evenly contested toward the close, as the following score will show:—

Harlem.	H.	L.	R.	Mutual.	H.	L.	R.
Osten, c f	5		0	McMahon, r f	2		4
Smith, 3d b	5		0	Walters, p	2		2
Helms, r f	1		2	Flanly, 2d b	3		3
Marsh, 1st b	5		0	Jewe t, c	2		4
Comstock, c	5		0	Pike, l f	3		2
Thomp on, p	3		1	Swandell, c f	3		2
Murray, 2d b	2		3	Start, s s	3		2
Crooker, l f	1		3	Bearman, 1st b	4		0
Myers, s s	2		1	Deyer, 3d b	5		1
Total	31			Total	27		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Harlem	0	0	0	1	5	0	1	4	0	—9
Mutual	5	4	0	0	0	2	0	0	4	—16

Fly catches—Harlem, 9; Mutual, 6. Out on fouls—Harlem, 6; Mutual, 3. Umpire—Mr. Smith, of the Union Club. Scorers—Messrs. Chips and Coyt. Time of game—Two hours and twenty-five minutes.

MUTUAL vs. TITAN.

These Janesville (Wis.) Clubs met at the grounds on Milton avenue on the 4th inst. and played a very exciting match game, the issue of which was as follows:—

Mutual.	H.	L.	R.	Titans.	H.	L.	R.
St. John, r f	3		3	Baker, 1st b	5		2
Heller, s s	3		3	Sisson, c f	5		1
Hitchcock, p	3		3	Wheeler, l f	5		1
Conant, 1st b	5		1	Hunting, r f	2		2
Hart, c	4		1	Hoffman, p	1		1
Ed. Smith, 3d b	3		2	Winters, 3d b	5		0
O. Sutherland, 2d b	3		0	Morris, 2d b	5		1
B. Smith, c f	3		3	Markus, s s	2		3
M. Sutherland, l f	3		2	Stoddard, c f	1		4
Total	19			Total	15		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Mutual	4	0	0	1	4	0	1	5	6	—19
Titan	0	0	0	1	1	0	6	3	4	—15

Umpire—C. L. Valentine. Scorers—W. T. Ebbetts and John Armstrong. Time of game—Two hours and forty minutes.

A SUCKER STATE GAME.

The Clipper Club, of Monmouth, Ill., clipped the wings of the Occidentals, of Quincy, recently. The annexed score gives all necessary details:—

Clipper.	H.	L.	R.	Occidental.	H.	L.	R.
W. Scott, s s	1		7	Joss, c f	3		4
C. Shoemaker, l f	3		4	Taylor, p	3		5
C. Mitchell, c f	2		5	Young, 2d b	3		3
J. Leeper, 1st b	5		3	Cassell, c	1		4
G. Mitchell, r f	3		4	Curtiss, r f	2		2
F. Allen, 2d b	1		5	Whitmore, 1st b	4		4
Van Tine, c	1		5	Brown, s s	6		0
Dredge, p	4		3	Bishop, l f	2		2
S. Gibson, 3d b	4		2	McGill, 2d b	3		2
Total	36			Total	29		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Clipper	5	7	0	0	11	5	5	1	2	—36
Occidental	6	3	0	1	6	0	0	1	4	—20

Scorers—Messrs. Steve Gibson and George Wells.

JEFFERSON vs. SOCIAL.

The following is the score of a game played on Monday, the 6th inst., at Hoboken, N. J., between the Jefferson and Social Clubs:—

Jefferson.	H.	L.	R.	Social.	H.	L.	R.
Welsh, s s	5		5	Clute, 1 f	3		3
O'Neil, 2d b	2		4	Trayo, 3d b	2		5
Murphy, c	3		4	Foster, 1st b	3		2
Murray, p	2		5	Layman, c	3		3
Gedney, l f	1		6	Johnson, 2d b	3		4
Mettler, c f	1		3	Byron, p	3		2
Hall, 1st b	2		3	Madden, c f	2		3
Delaney, 3d b	7		1	Deitz, s s	3		3
McGowan, r f	6		2	Chase, r f	3		2
Total	56			Total	27		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Jefferson	4	0	5	5	5	0	4	15	0	—38
Social	4	7	2	3	4	1	2	4	0	—27

Umpire—Mr. Simmons, of the Union Club. Scorer—C. Stuart.

BALTIMORE vs. WASHINGTON.

The members of the Enterprise Club, of the City of Monuments, celebrated the Fourth by taking a trip to the Capital and playing a game with the Unions, of the latter place, which is composed of excellent material, and since its organization has been steadily improving. The Baltimoreans played with much more than customary excellence and secured the victory by seven runs. Had the Union boys, one and all, played equally as well as Urell, Foster, Aber and Mallory, they might have turned the tables upon their opponents. After the game the Unions handsomely entertained their guests, and amidst a "feast of reason," etc., friendship was still stronger cemented. We give the score:—

Union.	H.	L.	R.	Enterprise.	H.	L.	R.
Urell, 1st b	4		3	Gorman, c f	5		2
Sylvester, c f	3		4	Braden, 3d b	1		5
Aber, 2d b	3		3	Wardell, 1st b	2		5
Foster, s s	5		1	Galliker, c	2		2
Quantrill, 3d b	1		5	Waterman, 2d b	5		2
Clear, c	2		5	Chenowith, r f	0		4
Aiken, r f	4		1	Golds ith, 2d b	4		3
Mallory, l f	2		5	Mueller, l f	3		4
McLeod, p	3		1	Fitzsimmon, p	3		4
Total	24			Total	31		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Enterprise	4	5	5	1	7	0	2	3	1	—31
Union	1	10	2	3	0	0	4	3	1	—24

OLD POINT vs. CHESAPEAKE.

A match was played on the 3d inst. between the Old Point Club, of Fortress Monroe, Va., and the Chesapeakes, of Hampton, which resulted in a victory to the former by a score of 26 to 34. Appended is the score:—

Old Point.	H.	L.	R.	Chesapeake.	H.	L.	R.
Dielman, 1st b	3		5	Benton, c	1		5
Kerr, l f	3		3	Egan, p	5		2
Bauich, c f	6		7	McClure, 1st b	4		5
Jas. Ware, s s	2		5	Robinson, 2d b	2		5
Maloney, 3d b	2		5	Ackerman, 3d b	1		5
Hasty, 2d b	3		4	Darwin, s s	3		3
Jos. Ware, c	3		4	Wilson, l f	3		1
Bodell, p	3		3	Strubman, r f	5		1
Moody, r f	3		2	Glenn, c f	3		1
Total	34			Total	26		

Umpire—Lt. D. M. Davis, of Fortress Monroe Club. Scorers—Messrs. Heiner and Wilson.

THE KNICKERBOCKER BASE BALL CLUB, of Rochester, N. Y., organized on the 2d inst., by the election of the following officers:—President, C. Tibbits; Vice President, C. A. B. Martin; Corresponding Secretary, H. W. Jone; Secretary, J. Baird; Treasurer, C. Miller; Directors, E. Loughlin, C. Billings, A. Jeen ey, C. Miller; Captain, D. W. G. Bagley.

STAR vs. YALE.—On the 4th, the Star, of Brooklyn, journeyed to New Haven and to meet the noted Yale College club. The result of the struggle was the defeat of the Stars by a score of 11 to 14.

ORIENTAL, OF NEW YORK, vs. RIVERSIDE, OF NORWICH, CT.—The young Orientals ecamped to Norwich on the 4th, and the young Orientals gained a creditable victory over the Riverside Club by a score of 59 to 22.

THE KEALSAKER CLUB, of Stoneham, got away with the Clippers, of Lowell, Mass., by a tally of 32 to 32 on the 4th inst., two of the defeated nine being compelled by the excessive heat to withdraw early in the game.

EUREKA, OF NEWARK, vs. ORIENTAL, OF GREENPOINT.

These two clubs met at Greenpoint on the 9th to play the first of a series of games, which, after a very interesting, exciting and well played game, resulted in favor of the Orientals by a score of 28 to 22. Neither nine appeared in their full strength, the Orientals lacking Potts and Hobby—playing Stillwaggon and Faulkner as substitutes. The Eurekas at the commencement were short Thomas and Faitoute. Thomas came, however, as soon as it was necessary and in time to take his position. Faitoute did not present himself until near the close of the second innings, when the Orientals gave their consent for him to take his position. Each club seemed sanguine of success, and the game from the start promised to be a good and closely contested one. The game was not commenced till 4 o'clock, a great deal of time being lost in waiting for Thomas and Faitoute. The Eurekas were first at the willow, Northrup hitting a good ball to short, which bounded out of his reach and went swinging out to left field. Northrup made his second base, and stealing to his third, came home on a passed ball. Here was a good opening—one run scored and no hand out—but the Greenpoint boys were alive and wary. Hayes hit a high ball to right field, which was beautifully taken by Faulkner. Arthur next knocked a foul, which was splendidly caught by Ed. Holmes. Pinkham was pitching splendidly and soon disposed of the other hand on three strikes, Littlewood being the unfortunate. Elijah Holmes led off at the bat on the part of the Orientals, knocking a terrific daisy cutter to left field, making his third base clean; Cook was taken on the fly by Pettit; Pinkham next knocked a short ball and was put out at first. Things now looked squally, and Butler took the bat, amid much excitement. He knocked a perfect stormer to centre field, making a home run and bringing Holmes in. Thomas being unlucky, was put out at first, thus closing the innings for two to one in the Oriental's favor. In the second innings the Eurekas scored two, Pettit and Hayes being put out at first base and Faitoute going out on three strikes. It was plain the Orientals were in earnest, and they went to the bat full of vim. By safe and heavy batting they succeeded in clearing nine runs—Ed. Holmes adding another to the list of (Holmes') home runs. Faulkner was taken on the fly by Northrup; Cook was caught on a foul bound, and Ostrander nipped on 3d base. The Eurekas in this innings scored but two, leaving the score 11 to 3 in favor of the Greenpointers. The lead thus gained was not lost the entire game. The Eurekas, however, made a big jump for it on the fifth, sixth and seventh innings, scoring fourteen runs. The playing throughout the game on both sides was very fine, the Orientals making a better show than at any time this season. Their batting was most powerful, and to this they owe their success. Three double plays were made by the Eurekas and one by the Oriental. Home runs were made as follows:—Cook, 2; Pinkham, 1; Butler, 1; Ostrander, 1, and Ed. Holmes, 2. There were some eight or nine hundred persons present, and although every precaution was taken to preserve order, the crowd in some instances acted very boisterously, thereby making another earnest call to the necessity of the Orientals getting an enclosed ground as soon as possible. The most pleasant feeling existed on the part of the two clubs. The Orientals will be found by the cordiality of feeling, and to hear the expressions so freely indulged in of firm friendship. After the game was concluded the boys adjourned to the Germania Hotel, where refreshments were served and a pleasant hour was passed. Speeches and songs concluded the meeting of the clubs, which by this one match have become fast friends. The Orientals have earned a good victory, and this, added to the victories of the Gramercy, Enterprize and Princeton Clubs, can safely be considered a *mutual* redemption card. Annexed is the score:—

Eurekas.	H.	L.	R.	Oriental.	H.	L.	R.
Northrup, 2d b	1		4	Eli Holmes, 1st b	3		4
Hayes, s s	4		2	Cook, c f	3		3
Arthur, r f	3		2	Pinkham, p	3		3
Currier, 1st b	2		3	Butler, 3d b	2		4
Littlewood, l f	3		3	Thomas, s s	1		2
Pettit, c f	3		3	Faulkner, r f	4		2
Brientnall, c	3		2	Sullivan, 2d b	2		2
Faitoute, p	4		0	Ostrander, l f	3		2
Thomas, 3d b	1		2	Ed. Holmes, c	4		1
Total	22			Total	28		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Oriental	2	9	7	3	2	0	1	0	4	—28
Eureka	1	2	1	0	0	4	5	1	8	—22

Umpire—Mr. Ryan, of the Eckford Club. Scorers—Messrs. Johnson and Holden. Time of game—Two hours and thirty-five minutes. Home runs—Eureka, 1; Oriental, 7. Double plays—Eureka, 3; Oriental, 1. Out on foul flies—Eureka, 3; Oriental, 2. Fly catches—Eureka, 8; Oriental, 6. Out on foul bounds—Eureka, 3; Oriental, 8. Struck out—Eureka, 4; Oriental, 0.

FOREST CITY OF SAVANNAH vs. ALERT OF CHARLESTON.

The first of the series of games between these clubs was played on the grounds of the former on the 4th inst. The game was called at 3 P. M., the Forest City boys at the bat, and after a finely contested match resulted in their victory by the score of 27 to 16. This game was marked by a fine display of in-fielding, M Donald being the only capture by the out-field. The batting of the Forest Citizens was excellent, but the sea voyage of the Alerts, during which Old Neptune secured his usual victory, told heavily upon them and prevented their swinging the "bat-on" to the usual tune. The game was witnessed by a large number of spectators, the park being thronged with ladies, who did not fail to testify their appreciation of good play. At the close of the game the Alerts were taken in hand by the victors, and escorted to the Scriven House, where a bountiful repast had been provided, to which they attended in the home run style. This match will do much to increase the popularity of the "American game" in the South Atlantic cities, and any club visiting Charleston or Savannah may be assured they will be met by as fine a lot of gentlemanly players as ever swung the bat. The following is the score:—

Forest City.	H.	L.	R.	Alert.	H.	L.	R.
Wilson, 1st b	3		3	Easton, s s	2		2
Kimball, p	1		1	Schachte, 1st b	2		3
McNulty, 2d b	2		2	Stubbs, 2d b	4		2
Bell, s s	1		4	Heslin, c	4		1
McDonald, c	5		5	Boyce, p	3		1
Veitman, c f	2		3	Blake, r f	4		1
Hussey, l f	4		3	Cook, l f	2		3
Gowdy, r f	5		2	Wallace, 3d b	4		1
Schaffer, 3d b	1		4	Conklin, c f	2		1
Total	27			Total	27		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Forest City	0	3	1	0	3	0	1	9	10	—27
Alert	2	3	0	0	3	1	2	1	4	—16

Out on bases—Schachte, 11; assisted by Easton, 7; Stubbs, 1; Boyce, 1; Wallace, 2; Wilson, 10; assisted by Kimball, 6; Bell, 3; McNulty, 1. Out between bases—Stubbs, 1; Blake, 1. Fly catches—Wilson, 1; Kimball, 1; Bell, 1—Forest City, 3. Easton, 3; Schachte, 2; Stubbs, 1; Wallace, 1—Alert, 7. Foul flies—McDonald, 2; Heslin, 3. Catches on strikes—Heslin, 3. Home Runs—McNulty, 1; Kimball, 1—Forest City; D. L. Duffy, Alert. Umpire—William A. Evans, Excelsior, of Broo

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

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Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, July 13, 1868.

JULY IN THE CITY. Gracious, how hot it is! Everything seems seething with the heat, and in the narrow streets and lofty, closely-packed houses of down town, it is like going into a fiery furnance as you enter the marts of trade and commerce. The paving stones give out caloric like an oven, and when the water carts sprinkle the cobbles or blocks, the water almost immediately turns to steam. The vender of candies at the street corner gazes with wistful eyes at the stream of people drinking soda water on the *other* corner, while *his* wares are gradually melting beneath the powerful rays of the bright-eyed orb of day. Omnibus drivers, divested of all unnecessary raiment, scarcely look for passengers, while the poor horses longingly view the shady, grassy spot in "Old St. Paul's" church yard, and probably wish that they were mouldering beneath some silent tomb, gone to that bourne where drivers cease from troubling and horses are at rest. The statue in the niche in front of St. Paul's looks as though it would gladly change place with the blind bagpiper who sits unheeding his pipes, under a faded umbrella, on the coping of the church yard railing beneath. A few courageous strangers ascend the Loew bridge in hopes of getting a breath of cool air and a sight of the great thoroughfare. Oh! that we were in Alaska, or that the Polar sea was one vast ice cream depository, and that we had a contract to wade through it during the heated term. Instead of going through seas of lemon "and vanilla too," here we are, with several hundred unopened letters before us, compelled to wade through a mass of manuscript most fearful to behold, and then to make comical jokes that you may sit quietly at your ease and enjoy for ten cents, all of which is made by the sweat of our brow and the sacrifice of much personal comfort, while other people, ten times worse than we are, may be seen in the surf at Long Branch, or cosily taking of their clam chowder and beer at Coney Island. Wish we were a clam chowderer; it must be dreadful exciting sport to eat hot chowder in such fearful weather. We don't know how the audiences stand it who visit our theatres just now. They look as though they had a season ticket, and felt compelled to go in on that ticket if it took all summer, as the versatile opponent of the 14th street nominee once said when he found himself in a tight place in the Wilderness. Audiences must be a good natured people or they would never stow themselves under the glare of a gas light with the thermometer ninety-three degrees out in the shade. In honor of our audiences we herewith submit a few verses of poetry which cost us many sleepless nights and waking days, so that he who runs this hot weather may read:—

ON AUDIENCES.

WHO THEY ARE, WHAT THEY ARE AND HOW THEY ARE SEATED.

BY ONE OF THE CLIPPER CORPS.

Some who to our theatres go
Seem not to be permitted
To see the play in quietude—
They're quiet enough either spirited."
While others seem to have to them
Large shares of quiet meted,
And feel as good as when they're in
Their "quiet circle" seated.

Some other people seem to act—
For they are always gay—
As tho' they went to theatres
For nothing else but "play;"
While others are so very dull
It makes one think and fear
Their spirits must be very low,
So they come there to "cheer."

Another class—the gaily dressed—
Seem to go the play to know
Just simply nothing—they come there
Just merely for the "show;"
And still another kind there is,
Who seem in coldness nerved,
And never warm up with the play
But keep their seats "reserved."

But if some classes were kept out—
It seems so to our mind—
The people would get very cross
If they were not the kind:
So let all in the show shops go,
Or else the show 'twill wreck,
For none would go unless they knew
All went without a "check."

.....Have we mentioned anything yet about the heat? What *under the sun* can we talk about to amuse our readers this hot weather? [The reader will thank us for informing him or her that beneath those words italicised there lurks the merest shade of a pun or joke, or some comical conceit.—ED.] What great *chef d'œuvre* of the day shall we discuss? We think we hear sundry funny perspiring friends remark, in a suspicious sort of way, "so long as it is a *shade* over, we are not particular to a *shade*;" which isn't bad for our *sun dry* friends. If we *dilate* on the "noble game" of cricket, we might not *delight*. Should we discuss our grand "National Game," we might *disgust*, for the very idea alone brings out the beads profusely on our forehead. Should we devote the services of our pen editorial ["Our Jim" says may be we mean ten *pen*-(ny)-editorial.—ED.] to the interest of the ring, in the present great *chalenr*, shall our lucubrations not be more *statieue* than is their wont when the tendency of the thermometer is to *McCooler* weather? [Referring to the St. Louis champion.—ED.] Then again we feel not disposed to say aught of the *Cours*. Of *course* not. In these hard times the sport Aquatic is about the only *tic* that can be easily obtained. In Yachting, we might possibly be *all at sea*; and as for Theatricals, since *the theatre gets* are departing for the *season* we cannot *arise* on this theme with our wonted *order*. It is *harder* to do justice to Minstrelsy, for we might about as well try to sit on a grid-iron over a slow fire as to sit out our *corked-up* entertainments; and yet, however paradoxical it may seem, we find it pleasanter to sit it *out* than to sit it *in*. Talking of *city-tin*, we hear from some *city-tout*-ers that money is pretty plentiful on *change* now. What a blessed *change!* We cannot enjoy our promenade as heretofore. If a sweet *cousin* or *sister* request us to take her out walking, it would be rude to refuse, but yet while it is so *cussin'* hot we prefer our *sicsta* in doors. But when will man be content?

He's trotting and fuming from morning till night,
To wretchedness dooming life that should be bright;
Does it rain—he exclaims "What frightful weather!
It imprisons the dames and destroys patent leather."
So if the sun shines he pouts and he blusters—
Is all the day whining, for what? goodness knows—
Invoking the shower that one hour ago
Refreshed the sweet flower, but filled him with woe;
And if the wind's blowing, he's seized with a dread,
He forgets that 'tis sowing good seed in earth's bed;
Is no balmy air moving the leaves on the trees,
He's still non-approving, but longs for a breeze.
And thus 'twill be ever, although man well knows
That when flowers we gather, thorns come with the rose.
Let us love the bright sunlight, the show'rs and the breeze,
Remembering, though life's bright, there's no *perfect* case!

.....We had a sudden smile to ourself the other day while looking over the advertisements in one of our dailies, on reading that a confectioner advertis d "broken hearts at 13 cents a pound." Yes, indeed, thinks we to ourself, thinks we; yes, indeed, broken hearts are truly cheap and plentiful in this great metropolis. Ah! but what heartless cupidity in the confectioner. Talking of broken hearts, reminds us of a *ballet* girl, named Susan Peck, who committed suicide a few days ago by taking laudanum. The reason for the act is not stated, perhaps from *spite* at the conduct of a false lover. That is usually found to be the reason for such unreasonable acts where young girls are the actors. They take laudanum to get rid of their trouble, but get rid of themselves, too, in the operation. There was another suicide in the profession a week or two ago down in Mobile, when Mr. Ledebur, manager of a place of amusement there, committed suicide in a fit of despondency. Pecuniary difficulties drove him to the act. Poor Ledebur! Ill luck like a weight of lead he here until it sank him in the torrent..... What a tion of pretty girls and watches the gay boys flirt with those pretty girls and vice versa likewise, until the gay boys dive into their pockets, devolope their dollars, and with them purchase floral offerings to cast at the feet of the pretty girls, which spective rooms to laugh in their sleeves at the unlikely dollies, who thus waste their money on a fleeting show. Poetry on to it.

THE QUEEN OF THE BALLET.

A LITTLE STORY BY THE SECOND LOW COMEDIAN

The wealth of the land all gather at night
To gaze with an unalloyed joy
At the queen of the *ballet*, so dashing and bright,
In *pas*, Terpsichore would view with delight,
Nor score e'en herself to employ.

The well scented fops from the boxes do view
Her graceful abandon and dancing,
With inquisitive eyes does each one there gaze through
His *lorgnette*, and think—thoughtless others do too—
How *he* the fair sylph is entrancing.

She takes all their presents—the act which *they* take for
Assent to be seen, and each one does vie
To meet her the first as she leaves the stage door,
But always they find some one else there before,
And that one none other than I.

* * * * *

In a snug little parlor, when through with the care
And worry and pull of theatrical life
She sits by my side then, and calls me *mon cher*,
And laughs at the fops and their presents, this fair
One, who you will have guessed is MY WIFE!

THE WHITE FAWN.—This fairy burlesque, spectacle, pan'omime, gymnastic, acrobatic, dramatic *ballet d'action*, has been withdrawn from the boards of Niblo's,

"And melted into air, thin air,
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
Dissolved and faded, leaving not a rack behind."

The one hundred and seventy-fourth and last performance took place on Saturday, July 11th. It was produced for the first time on Friday evening, January 17th. The house was densely crowded by an anxious audience, who had been promised something superior to anything yet witnessed in this country. But the result was otherwise, and many went away sorely disappointed. The production of the "Crook" introduced many novelties that had not been witnessed on such an extensive scale for years. The scenery not only eclipsed anything of the kind seen in New York in several years, but the dancing was great, which was one of the features of the entertainment. Old theatre-goers had become satiated with the dull, heavy tragedies and sensational blood and thunder pieces, and at this time Manager Wheatley presented something light and attractive in the shape of the "Black Crook," and a score of *ballet* girls, who, with their short skirts and their tarleton dresses, displayed a well rounded stuffed calf or a neatly turned ankle. So great was the demand for pads after the arrival of this *corps de ballet* in this country, that our theatrical costumers found it necessary to import a large lot by the first steamer. Of course such an exhibition became the town talk, and all the sports of the city had to take in the "Crook" as often as once a week, and we have heard of several parties who, struck with the manufactured beauty of some of the *coryphees*, have spent night after night at Niblo's, reveling in the charms of their would-be love. The "Crook" was produced in such a manner of completeness of detail and magnificence as to give it a run of four hundred and sixty-five performances. As soon as Manager Wheatley saw that the "Crook" was on the wane, he commenced the getting up of the "Fawn," and parties left for Europe to secure talent. A new *corps de ballet*, engaged in Europe, arrived here before the "Fawn" was ready. So as to save salaries the managers of the "Parisienne" *ballet* troupe sent them to Chicago, where they appeared in the spectacle of "Undine," but it was soon found that, in an artistic point of view, they were not so good as the old dancers of the "Crook," consequently they were kept itinerantizing through the country, and the "Fawn" was presented with the same old familiar faces in the *ballet*. This was a sorry disappointment to all, as something fresh had been promised and was what was wanted. In his endeavors to surpass the "Crook," Manager Wheatley undertook more than he was able to perform. Everything in the spectacular way that could be thought of or devised was introduced in the "Crook," which was a novelty here, and the result was, the "Fawn" was a failure from the first night, notwithstanding the number of nights it has been played. The original cast was as follows:—King Dingdong, Mr. Mark Smith; Count Pinculum, Mr. B. B. Holmes; Prince Leander, Miss Lucy Egerton; Lord Twaddledum, Mr. Vining Bowers; Abdalla, Hernandez Foster; King Solomon, Mr. Martin; Queen Saffronilla, Miss Mary Wells; Princess Graceful, Miss Jennie Delacy; Finetta, Miss Lizzie Wilmore; Princess Aika, Miss Mena Montague; Aqualina, Miss Fanny Stockton; Ruby, Miss Kate Palmer; Turquoise, Miss Colson; Emerald, Miss L. Leclaire. Bonfanti, Sohlke, Van Hamme, Costa and M'lle Billon were the principal dancers. The three Hemmings Brothers and Amy Bennett appeared in the harlequinade. The piece was presented in a prologue and three acts. On the first night twenty eight minutes were consumed in the prologue, then ensued a wait of twenty-eight minutes, when the first act or "Yellow Empire" was presented, changing to the "Enchanted Lake;" a beautiful and effective scene. The dresses worn by the attendants on the Princess in the procession surpassed anything in the costume line seen in this city for a long time. The transformation of the Princess into the White Fawn terminated the act, which occupied one hour and seven minutes. A wait of twenty-five minutes, and the second act commenced with the "Fish Kingdom," thirty-five persons representing every kind of fish. The Can-can was here introduced by Sohlke and Van Hamme. During this act George Vining Bowers was hissed for gagging and making use of a political speech. For a minute the excitement was great, three cheers being given for Gen. Grant and three for Andy Johnson. The second act closed at half past eleven. At six minutes to twelve the curtain rose on the third act, the "Kingdom of Aika," in which was introduced the pantomime, with the Hemmings Brothers and Amy Bennett. The acrobatic, gymnastic and other feats introduced by these brothers were so old and drawn out to such a length that they were hissed during the whole time they were on the stage, which was forty minutes. Harry Hemmings was also hissed for attempting a little business while in female attire that would not be countenanced. In the midst of the hissing the curtain was dropped, when Manager Wheatley came forward and announced that for twenty minutes he had, with eighty carpenters and twenty gas men, been trying to get the transformation scene ready, but it was impossible, and he therefore dismissed the audience at seven minutes of two. A second performance was given the following afternoon, terminating with the palace of Aika, omitting the pantomime and the Hemmings Brothers, as well as the transformation scene. Mena Montague and Lucy Egerton, brought to this country from Europe, were failures, as well as the Hemmings Brothers. The transformation scene was presented for the first time on January 20th. In order to give the carpenters time to set this scene the curtain was dropped on the third act, and after a wait of twenty-five minutes it was revealed, occupying just twelve minutes to show itself, the performance terminating at seven minutes past eleven. It was a magnificent affair and no doubt cost considerable more money than the one in the "Crook," but it was not so showy or taking with the audience, nor did it give the same satisfaction. The great trouble with it was that there was too much of it within the given space. It was too crowded, so much so that the curtain descended before all could be seen. Too much gold foil was used, and when the twenty pans of red fire were lit and its effect thrown upon the scene, the general effect was destroyed. The great beauty of the transformation in the "Crook" was in the variety of changes, each change being complete in itself, and displaying something more beautiful than the preceding one. After the first week's performance of the "Fawn" the curtain dropped at eleven o'clock. Several dances were omitted, also some of the badly sung songs, besides the pantomime and other business. From Jan. 20th to Feb. 8th Lizzie Wilmore was sick, and her *role* was played by Mrs. Mark Smith. The fiftieth performance was given on March 6th. On April 30th and May 1st and 2d Fanny Stockton was "off" on account of sickness, and Mrs. Mark Smith played her *role*. On March 10th business commenced to fall off, and for four weeks there was a nightly decrease in the attendance. On April 13th several novelties were introduced, consisting of the wedding out of the funereal music and presenting something fresh and lively by Howard Glover, the English composer, who made his *debut* in this country as *chef d' orchestre*. The reconstruction commenced in the second act with the *corps de ballet* in new costumes, and a comic *ballet* by Sohlke, Van Hamme and *ballet*, followed by a characteristic *ballet* entitled the "Farragut Matelot," with Bonfanti in blue satin shirt and pants, and twenty ladies dressed in navy suits, each having a miniature small flag. This was one of the best arranged and effective *ballets* yet seen on this stage. In the third act a march by seven giants and a number of children was given, also military tactics by fifty-two ladies dressed in full uniform. Fraulein Schlager made her bow in a dance. The performance terminated at a quarter to one o'clock. The house was densely crowded. The one hundredth performance was given on the afternoon of April 25th, from which date the attendance commenced to fall off, and for several weeks it is doubtful if the receipts reached the actual daily expenses. Then the managers went into a new line of business, for paper houses were to be seen almost every night for two months. Business became so bad that all kinds of gags were resorted to. On April 27th, the "Carnival of Venice" *ballet* was given by Bonfanti and M. De Costa. On May 9th, Mlle. De Rosa, *danseuse*, said to be direct from Europe, and Marie Westmaker, of the "Undine" *ballet*, in Chicago, made their *debut*. Bonfanti closed her engagement on May 9th and left for Chicago. The first night of the "Farragut Matelot" *ballet* was filled by Westmaker. On May 11th, Lucy Egerton gave up the *role* of Prince Leander to Mrs. Mark Smith, which was in turn assumed on May 18th by Lilhe Eldridge. On June 1st, Mena Montague and Mary Wells left, and their parts were filled by Belle Land and Mrs. Mark Smith. La Petite Schlager withdrew on May 23d. Business continuing bad, quite a number of persons in the various departments of the piece were discharged. The unexpected and fiftieth performance was given on June 13th. The last *matinee* was on Saturday, June 20th. Mark Smith withdrew from the cast after the performance on July 4th, and his *role* was played by E. B. Holmes the balance of the run, the singing being cut out.

WOOD'S MUSEUM AND THEATRE.—Active preparations are going on at the above place for the reopening under the new management of George Wood, a gentleman who has altered and refitted more theatres in this country than any other manager, and one who, with his extensive experience, knows exactly what alterations are most needed in a house. The improvements already made, and those to be effected, will be greater than have ever before been made in any other establishment in this city. The main entrance, originally at the extreme north end of the building, has been made in the centre, and is a vestibule about forty feet high, thirty feet wide and thirty-two feet in depth. There is a box office on each side, also six statues set in niches. At the extreme end of the vestibule is the first corridor, which has cosmoramas on each side. This corridor leads to the lecture room under the auditorium of the regular theatre. The lecture room has a good sized stage, where all the living curiosities, such as dwarfs, fat women, giants, etc., will be exhibited. There will be seating accommodations here for at least eight hundred people. Leaving this room and returning to the corridor we find two flights of stairs, one on the North and one South, reaching to the second corridor, containing large glass cases for stuffed animals, also a number of pictures as well as mirrors, reaching from the floor to the ceiling. On this floor, at the South, are two large toilet rooms for ladies, with all conveniences, and handsomely fitted up water closets. Fronting on Broadway, and on this floor, are four saloons, wherein will be found curiosities from all quarters of the globe. Around and about each of these saloons are portraits of the most distinguished men of the day. From this corridor is also reached the auditorium of the theatre, which contains parquet, dress circle and family circle, the upper circle having changed the appearance of the house having been removed, and the two upper circles thrown into one. The stage has received many improvements; the proscenium has been closed up six feet on each side, making not only more room behind the stage, but giving it a better appearance. There are four private boxes on each side, also two private boxes in the first circle, besides two rows of balcony chairs. Instead of the square front stage, it has been rounded off and the footlights sunk. A new paint frame has been made, and every bit of scenery newly painted. Alterations have been made in the traps, which are considerably improved upon. A new drop curtain has been painted by Mr. Grain. The stage is a large one, being well adapted for the proper production of spectacular pieces. It is 65 feet deep and 65 feet wide. The proscenium is 42 feet high and 43 feet at the opening. The flats are 21 feet high and 31 feet wide. In the stage department all the latest improvements have been made. Ascending a flight of stairs from the second corridor we reach the third corridor, on every side of which are to be seen glass cases of stuffed animals of every kind. Here and there are to be seen huge gilt mirrors, also rare and costly pictures. From this corridor is reached the upper gallery, which has been tastefully arranged, the seats handsomely upholstered and capable of accommodating 550 persons. The large saloon fronting on Broadway and leading from the upper corridor, was formerly opened in a rough state by Mr. Banvard and used as a picture gallery. The changes made here by Mr. Wood have been many, and it is now fitted up with a number of large glass cases for the reception of curiosities now on their way from Europe. One case, about twenty-five feet long, will contain wax figures of the twelve Apostles and the Lord's Supper. Other cases will contain duplicates of many of the principal objects of attraction at the famous Mad. Tussaud's in London, made in England expressly for Mr. Wood. Among these will be found the "Sleeping Beauties," which, by the aid of machinery are made to breathe and in various other ways show signs of life. In this saloon are also a variety of portraits, as well as statuary and large mirrors. In the upper corridor is the aquarium and the ornithological department. There is a balcony in front of the house off the upper saloon. The whole house will be heated by steam, and it is thought will be the best lighted and ventilated of any in the city. All the gas fixtures are new and neat in appearance. All the corridors and saloons are covered with Lambeth and the glass cases painted in imitation of black walnut. The facing of the corridors, formerly all open, have been closed, panneled and ornamented with pictures of various designs. The corridors, when the house was first opened, were in a very unfinished condition, but are now all thrown into arches and tastefully painted. In fact the house has been rebuilt and reflects credit upon Mr. Wood for his good judgment, skill and enterprise in taking charge of an establishment that had been a failure all the time it had been open. Mr. Wood informs us that he has secured a first class company in every respect, and nothing shall be wanting on his part to make the place a success. It is his intention to open on August 31st, with Lydia Thompson and a burlesque company already secured in London. Lydia Thompson has long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the handsomest actresses on the London stage. Mr. Colville, who has been absent in Europe for some time, having travelled extensively through Brussels, Paris, and all Europe in search of talent and curiosities, is to sail from Liverpool on the 22d inst. with his extensive collection and may be expected home about August 1st. Arrangements have been made so that parties can visit the Museum, see all the curiosities in the various saloons and corridors, as well as the living curiosities in the lecture room, and leave without viewing a dramatic performance on the regular stage if they choose, or be admitted to the upper gallery without extra charge.

ANNA LACOSTE died at the Belvidere House, in this city, on Monday evening, 6th inst. She was born in Maine in 1848, and came to this city little over three years ago, to study for the stage. She made her *debut* at the Academy of Music, Feb. 17th, 1866, as Virginia, in a new play entitled "Virginia of Rome." She was brought out by Isaac C. Pray, her tutor, who appeared in the cast at her *debut*. She was not successful, owing in a great measure to the dull, heavy play, which was enough to damn any *debutante*. Her next appearance was at the French Theatre, on August 30th, as Deborah. She afterwards appeared in Brooklyn, but did not appear to meet with much success. She then devoted herself to dramatic readings in this city and Boston. Without book or promptor she recited the whole of "Julius Cæsar," "King John," and "Romeo and Juliet," in a manner that not only attracted considerable attention, but gave her a reputation for possessing a strength of memory equaled by few public persons. In the height of her popularity she contracted a cold which finally settled in rheumatism of the heart, and from the 18th of last April up to the hour of her death she suffered with great pain and oppression of breathing. Her funeral took place on the 8th inst., from Calvary Church, Twenty-first street.

GUTTED.—Quite a change has been made in the Fifth Avenue Opera House, the entire structure having been gutted, leaving nothing but three bare walls standing. The roof has been taken off and the south wall taken down. All the flooring has been removed and workmen are now busily engaged digging in the cellar. The rebuilding of this house will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible so as to re-open about the middle of September. It will contain a parquet and a circle of boxes, and the auditorium will be fitted up "regardless of expense." The entrance to the first circle will be on a level with the street and not up one flight of stairs as before.

A BIG BUSINESS was done all last week at the Olympic Theatre, the attendance on the evening of the 6th inst. being the largest of the season, except on Thanksgiving night. "Humpty Dumpty" has proved a greater success than any pantomime previously produced in this city. It was first brought out on Tuesday evening, March 10th, and has been played every evening and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons up to the present writing. The one hundred and fiftieth performance takes place on the 20th inst. The receipts for the first month were $49,813.50, and for the month of May $30,963. This is a big business for any establishment.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS had a succession of crowded houses during the past week. The programme offered was a good one, and the several acts in the olio as well as the singing in the first part were highly relished by the audience. In the first part Monroe Dempster sang in a feeling manner the Scotch song of "Annie o' Banks o' Dee," which was deservedly applauded and received a double *encore*. Mr. Dempster possesses a pleasing voice, and has during his brief sojourn in this city made a favorable impression upon his audiences. The olio was replete with good things. The Lingard burlesque continues popular, and Dan Bryant's performance of "Capt. Jinks" is so very funny—his walk particularly—that he is called out and obliged to repeat it each evening. His singing of "On the Beach at Long Branch" also elicited considerable laughter, finishing the act with a straight jig. Joseph Emmett, the Dutch comedian, has met with much favor during his stay at this hall; his laughable Dutch-isms are quite a feature of the evening's amusement. The burlesque of "A Flask of Jersey Lightning," which contains a number of funny incidents, has made a hit.

MANAGER HOOLEY sailed for England on the 8th by the Scotia, accompanied by his wife, three children and servant.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTREL HALL is receiving a thorough renovation, and many alterations and improvements are being made, under the general supervision of Edwin Kelly, who has remained behind while the troupe are traveling, to push the work forward as rapidly as possible. The auditorium has been gutted. The parquet flooring has been raised and a circle built where before were arm chairs. The circle will contain sofas, handsomely upholstered, while chairs will be placed in the orchestra. The dress circle has been remodeled, bringing it further forward and raising the floor so as to make a greater seating capacity and give a good view of the stage. This part of the house will also contain sofas, neatly upholstered, and will have two rows of balcony chairs in front. There will be a private box each side of the proscenium in the orchestra and dress circle, making four in all. The auditorium will be repainted, new carpets laid and every improvement made that will add to the comfort of the patrons of the house. The company is at present playing at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, where they will remain about three weeks longer. They will then probably return to Washington for one week, appear at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, August 3d, for one week, and open at their new hall in this city on August 10th for the season.

LOWELL AND SIMMONDS, dramatic agents of this city, have a number of advertisements in it week's issue of the CLIPPER, to which the attention of managers as well as performers is requested. They are in want of a full dramatic company for the Park Theatre, and the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, also a number of artists for various other theatres throughout the country. For particulars as to performers wanted see their cards in another column.

MANAGERS IN TOWN.—The warm weather brings theatrical managers to town to make all necessary star and stock engagements for the fall and winter campaign. There are at present here in search of people the following managers:—Ben De Bar, David Bidwell, Charles Pope, William R. Floyd, J. H. McVicker, L. H. Everett, H. W. Canning, William E. Sinn, M. Clauson, W. H. Leak, James F. Sherry, Henry Willard and John Selwyn.

JOE MURPHY returns to San Francisco by the first steamer, under engagement to the Olympic Music Hall.

NIBLO'S GARDEN is closed this week for the purpose of clearing the stage of the "White Fawn" scenery, and the rehearsals of Bateman's opera bouffe in four acts of "Barbe Bleu" ("Blue Beard") which will be presented on the 20th inst., by the Bateman troupe.

MARY WELLS, one of the best eccentric old women on the American stage, has been secured by manager Wood for his Museum.

ALF. BURNETT is in the third week of his present engagement at Dodworth Hall, this city. He is assisted by Mrs. Hattie Greene and Helen Nash, the former a vocalist, the latter a reader. Mrs. Greene does not possess a pleasing voice, and what makes it still less pleasing is her lisping, which grates upon the ear, making anything but a favorable impression. Mr. Burnett, in his line of business, has few, if any, equals. As a mimic and ventriloquist he occupies a high position, and his entertainment is so varied with pathos, wit and humor that an evening's amusement of great variety is afforded. His changes are very quickly made, including a heart broken lover, the Yankee in love, a Frenchman in trouble, an Irishman, a Dutchman, a young lady of seventeen, an old lady of eighty, together with his marvelous changes of feature and dress, which elicit considerable applause. In identifying himself with the character he personates there is a quiet telling humor that is of itself enjoyable, and the manner in which he recites poetic gems, and the fund of comic humor he imparts to his readings make up a most enjoyable evening's amusement.

EMERSON, ALLEN AND MANNING'S MINSTRELS continue at Tony Pastor's Opera House, offering for the current week an entire change in the programme, Johnny Allen and Billy Emerson occupy the first part, and Manning appears only in the olio. Dick Parker, banjoist, joins the forces this week, and Johnny Wild—who has been recognized as a Bowery favorite for several seasons—enters upon the second week of his engagement. On the 20th inst., George F. McDonald makes his bow in cork with this company. John Dingess, late business manager for this party, is no longer with them.

THE WORRELL SISTERS, who are still running the "Grand Duchess" at their New York Theatre, are to have a testimonial benefit on Thursday evening, July 16th. Here is a chance for the "bouquet man," for all the admirers of the sisters will desire to speak in the language of flowers on that occasion.

FANNY HERRING has terminated her engagement at the Old Bowery Theatre.

THERE IS NOTHING fresh on the bills of Wallack's or the Broadway Theatres.

OWING to pleasant weather, and the presence in the city of thousands of strangers, nearly every place of amusement did a very good business in the early part of the past week. The closing nights were not so successful, however.

THE WALLS of what was once Barnum's Museum are in a very dangerous condition, and if somebody passing along in front of them on Broadway is not hurt before long, it will not be owing to any care exercised by the owner of the premises.

AMELIA PATTI STRAKOSCH and Max Strakosch sailed for France on the 11th inst., in the steamship Pereire.

ROSE ETTINGE was among the passengers by the Scotia which sailed for Liverpool on the 8th inst.

HOWARD GLOVER, leader of the orchestra at Niblo's, had a benefit at that house on the afternoon of the 11th, but the affair was anything but a benefit in reality, for the attendance was quite slim.

PROF. WATTS, the song writer, is in luck, having been left the snug fortune of £6,000 by a relative in England.

MAJOR BURNELL, manager of the Pittsburgh Museum, is in town.

E. C. DORSON, one of the Dobson Brothers, was married in this city on the 12th inst. to Amanda Veldram. The ceremony took place at the residence of the Rev. Dr. Weston.

MR. EDWARD W. LEWIS, business manager of Madame Anna Bishop, and also for Maurice De Solla's Concert and Burlesque Troupe, after two trips through India, China and Japan, arrived by Guiding Star from San Francisco on the 11th. Madame Bishop was in Ceylon at last advices, but expected to return to London in a short time. Mr. Lewis is ready to take any other party through India, as agent, who may desire to visit that portion of our globe.

Dramatic.

MISS BELLE HOWITT, whose *forte* is an actress or soubrette, singing and burlesque, may now be engaged by responsible managers. For how to address the lady read her card in our advertising columns.

TALENT is wanted by J. W. Lanergan, who is at present running the Lyceum Theatre at St. John, N. B. Frederick Robinson commenced an engagement there on the 6th inst.

CHIPMAN'S COMPANY is now playing through Texas, where they have been for several weeks, have not been doing so well of late. A correspondent, writing from Austin on June 29th, says:—"During the past two weeks things have been checkered; we have been to Bastrap, where we showed for eight nights to fair business (expenses only), and now we are back to the old stand, which has nearly proved a stand-still. We leave here July 2d, and open in Georgetown on the same evening; thence to Belton, Salado and Waco, where we expect to play two or three weeks, and thence probably back to Bryan and Navasota, where we wind up the season. The company comprises at present Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crisp, Cecelia Percy, J. Frank Noyes, C. Toley Wolf, H. Rumsey, Will F. Clark, Sig. C. Tornese, and J. C. Ford."

LEWIS BAKER has leased the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for six years, having bought from W. E. Sinn all his interest in that establishment. Mr. Baker will commence his season about August 17th.

CHARLES ROSENE, comedian, advertises in this week's CLIPPER for an engagement.

PAREPA ROSA'S CONCERT TROUPE, consisting of Sig. Rosa, Brookhouse Bowler, Sig. Ferranti and Mr. Colby, were expected in San Francisco by the steamer due there on June 23d.

JOHN E. MCCULLOUGH was, at last accounts, playing an engagement in Virginia City, at Piper's Opera House.

LOTTIE ESTELLE has received a benefit at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, on July 2d. A correspondent writes us that the plays were the "Lady of Lyons" and the "Widow's Victim." He says:—"Mrs. W. H. Leighton as Pauline, Lewis Morrison as Claude Melnotte, Miss Estelle as the Widow Rattleton, and Jerry Breen as Twitter were good. The other characters by the Orleans Dramatic Association were passable.....David Bidwell left here on June 30th for St. Louis and New York, to engage people for the Academy of Music. This place, it is said, will reopen for the fall and winter season about the 15th of September."

THE DESULTORY closing dramatic performances at the National, Cincinnati, ended on the 4th, with a variety bill, the principal feature of which was "Pocahontas," with the burlesque Can-can. On Monday evening, 6th, a season of English opera commenced with the "Grand Duchess," which was announced for representation during the week. Mrs. W. Gomersall, the Grand Duchess, possesses a sweet voice and acts with considerable spirit, but certainly suffers by comparison with Lambelle. Blanche Chapman is a promising young member of the troupe. She comes of good stock, being daughter to the late Harry Chapman, the comedian, and granddaughter to Mrs. A. Drake, in her day the leading light of the American stage. The two principal male parts, Fritz and General Boum, are well sustained by W. Gomersall and M. W. Fiske, and create considerable laughter. Charles and Carrie Austin, the drillists, are in the troupe, and horrify the innocents with a "terrific" bayonet fight, which shadows even the "French Spy." The other characters are played by the stock company of the theatre. On Monday the Atlantic Base Ball Club, accompanied by a delegation of the Cincinnatis, visited the theatre by invitation.

MACBETH was selected for Mrs. D. K. Allen's benefit at Temperance Hall, Halifax, N. S., on the 3rd inst.

MADAME SCHELLER is still playing to good business at the Salt Lake City Theatre. The fairy operatic spectacle "Cinderella," with Madame Scheller as Cinderella, with all the original music of Rossini. A large *corps de ballet* and new scenery will shortly be produced.

GEO. WALDRON is at Helena, Montana.

CHARLOTTE CRAMPTON is playing at Fort Bridger, with her husband, Harry Macdonald, and her son, Mr. Wilkinson.

THEATRICALS IN CHICAGO, ILL., are said to have been rather light-waisted the past two weeks, which is attributed to the extreme warm weather and lake excursions. Our correspondent, "Loiterer," says:—"Al Crosby's Opera House M'lle. Wesmael appeared on July 6th and received an ovation. She gave the Andalusian dance and upon responding to an *encore* fainted and had to be borne from the stage. The new *ballet*, entitled the 'Temple of Flora,' exceeds in beauty any dance yet given in the 'Fawn.' Each first and second *danseuse* has her *solo*, and a spirit of rivalry is engendered which extends to the audience, and the result is many *encores* are demanded. Sohlke and Van Hamme appear soon..... The 'Black Crook' experiences a few changes this (last) week, especially in the dramatic cast. Mrs. Cowell now plays Rodolphe, Nagle having gone out with the Morris party; Kate Logan assumes the *role* of Stalacta, a character in which she made her first appearance in Chicago; a younger Miss Logan plays Amina. Mlle. Morlacchi, who received a temporary injury last week from falling through an insecure trap, made her *re-entree* on July 6th, presenting, for the first time in the 'Crook,' her 'Bee Dance,' which is, beyond question, one of the most artistic and graceful solo dances we have yet witnessed in Chicago. Blended with her art her pleasing face inspires the audience to enthusiasm. Her 'Seven Passions' and the Can-can still holds the boards..... On the

on a rope about 75 feet long and 15 feet high. The superintendent of the Park refused to pay her the sum fixed upon for her four trips as she did not draw a crowd large enough to defray expenses. On July 4th she published a card in the city papers in which she offered her services for the benefit of the firemen, but they did not accept her offer.

HARTZ, the magician, is said to have done the best business of any one in the amusement line in Chicago, the past week. His "Floating Head" and "Instantaneous Growth of Flowers" are the chief features of the show.

SARGENT, the illusionist, opened in Lynchburg, Va., on July 9th.

PROF. WILLEY gave a concert at the Opera House in Springfield, Ill., July 7th. He leaves for Europe on the 21st.

THE CARRERA SISTERS, who have the repute of being accomplished cantatrices, whether in opera, glee, or comic, both in solos and duets, may be engaged by addressing J. W. May, as per advertisement.

HARRY CROWLEY, your attention is called to an advertisement in another column.

A BANJO is adverti ed for sale by C. J. Bierman in another column.

MISS FLORA KUNTZ, the "Hoosier Nightingale," is to be tendered a complimentary benefit in Indianapolis on the 17th instant.

A FIRST VIOLINIST, one who can play solos and lead a brass band; also, a lady who can sing comic songs and play the piano, are wanted by Julian Breban. See advertisement.

A BUSINESS MAN and capitalist is advertised for by Alexis in another column.

A FIRST-CLASS MAGICIAN is advertised for by Harry Weston to make a tour through the Western States.

THE LUBIN BROTHERS remain for the present at the Eleventh street Opera House, Philadelphia.

F. WELLS, recently secretary of Charles Hengler's Circus, and late of the London theatres, publishes a card in another column, soliciting a position for the front of the house, either stationary or traveling.

REYNOLDS' MEXICAN MENAGERIE is the title of a show traveling through Texas. The company are all from Mexico, and consists of Louise Reynolds, *dancuse*; John Murphy, tambourine; Dave Wilson, bones; William Brainerd, harp; Henry Carington, tenor; Masters Vincente, Naberte, Cereta, and Porteano, gymnasts. There are in the circus a large number of Mexican animals, two dromedaries, and baby dromedaries.

PROF. HASELMAYER is at the Boston Theatre this week.

THE LINGARD COMBINATION have met with good business at the Boston Museum. This week Lizzie Wilmore is added to the company.

TONY PASTOR'S COMBINATION are in the third week of their present stay at Morris Brothers' Opera House, Boston. A new programme is offered for this week. Tony Pastor and the Nelson Brothers are the features of the show.

A NEW COMPANY opened at Hurd's Union Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., July 6th, consisting of Jerry Cohan, Millie Lucille, and Mattie Dumas.

THE OPERA HOUSE, Brooklyn, N. Y., is advertised for rent for July and August.

E. C. DODSON continues to teach the banjo at his residence in Hudson street. For particulars see his advertisement elsewhere.

A PARTNER is wanted by a party who wishes to send an interest in his panorama of California.

THE HANLON COMBINATION starts out the latter part of August. All parties engaged are requested to report themselves by the 20th inst.

Amateur.

WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA.—A correspondent sends us the following sketch of the above well known Philadelphia amateur organization:—"The contemplated retirement from the stage of the highly successful and popular actor and manager, Mr. William Wheatley, prompts me to give you a slight sketch of one of the institutions of the Quaker City named after him; I refer to the Wheatley Dramatic Association, which was organized in the month of May, 1860, for the purpose of affording amusement to a number of young ladies and gentlemen by giving parlor theatricals. Their first few performances passed off creditably, and, flattered by the encouragement of their friends, they rented a large room over 232 and 234 south 2d street, which they fitted up in the most style as a private theatre; here they remained for over six years, giving performances weekly, on Wednesday evenings, during the regular dramatic season, and gaining for themselves a well earned reputation as amateur actors and actresses. In the latter part of 1866 and 1867 the association, whose ambition had outgrown the limited facilities afforded them here, resolved to seek for larger and better accommodations, and, after looking around for some time, decided upon leasing Literary Hall (the entire building) at the N. E. corner 5th and Gaskill streets, which they accordingly did; the lease was signed March 27th, 1867, and a contract immediately made with S. P. Rush, the well known builder of the New Arch and New Walnut Street Theatres, to fit it up as a handsome little temple of the drama, after plans furnished by himself. A full force of carpenters, painters, &c., were immediately employed, and by working day and night the place was so far completed as to enable the association to give the inaugural performance on April 17th, just three weeks from the time the alterations were commenced. The programme consisted of an opening address, written by a distinguished lawyer and delivered by one of the members; the comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer" and the extravaganza of "The Live Indian." The entertainment gave general satisfaction to the large audience present and was fully up to the best standard of the members' cast. The proscenium of the new hall is extremely neat, with handsome, well proportioned private boxes on either side, in white, paneled with gold, the paper of the auditorium being green and gold. The width of the prascenium arch is 24 feet 6 inches and the depth of the stage 21 feet 6 inches. Back of the stage is the property room and a room for the storage of scenery, etc., where everything necessary in the shape of setts, furniture, carpets, &c., in the ordinary requirements of the drama is to be found, while to the right is the ladies' dressing, wash, bath rooms, &c. The estimated seating capacity of the auditorium is 600, which is fully tested every week during the season by a highly respectable audience, who not only appreciate the dramatic efforts of the members, but evince a decided taste for the musical treat afforded them by the excellent amateur orchestra attached. On the first floor of the hall is the elegantly finished meeting and reading room of the association, the paint and gentlemen's dressing rooms. I have been thus explicit in my description in order to show the amateurs of the country what can be done by well directed efforts."

THE AMATEURS, of Memphis, Tenn., gave a performance on July 3d, of the "Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish," for the benefit of Eva Halstead, who played Naramatta'h. W. H. Partello, an old professional, volunteered as Major Gough. S. M. Drake, another professional, appeared as Conanchat.

HARRY WILSON took a benefit at Jackson Hall, this city, on the 6th inst., tendered him by the Excelsior Dramatic Association. "Barney the Baron," the "Persecuted Dutchman" and the "Irish Tutor" were performed, together with singing, dancing, recitation and Ethiopianisms.

THE HANNIBAL, MO., DRAMATIC CLUB gave a performance of the "Rent Day" and "Toodles" in that city on July 1st, for the benefit of the Hannibal Brass Band. A correspondent says:—"The audience was a large one and the entertainment highly satisfactory. The club was ably assisted by Will J. Wiggins, an old professional, who played Toodles to the delight of all. Mrs. Mary E. Angell personated Mrs. Toodles capitally. The acting of C. G. Duffy as George Ac'ra was excellent, as was that of A. W. Davis as Lawyer Glibb, S. R. Landcraft as Farmer Acorn, Miss G. A. Shelton as Mary, and W. W. Smith as Charles. The 'Rent Day,' though imperfectly rendered, was well received. A few side attractions were thrown in. Miss Nellie McHenry, of St. Louis, sang and danced, and was frequently *encored*. Mr. Ned Reed, Ethiopian delineator, also assisted the club."

THE MONMOUTH, ILL., DRAMATIC CLUB gave its first performance at the new Union Hall on the 8th inst., on which occasion the "Ticket of Leave Man" was produced.

Foreign Show News.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—The season at many of the theatres is fast drawing to a close, and benefits are in order. At the Haymarket an alteration in "The Hero of Romance" has been made, the effect of which has shortened the action of the piece and rendered the story sharper and more uninterrupted in flow. The third and fourth acts have been compressed into one. In consequence of the illness of Mr. Buckstone the part of Dr. Lafitte has been played by J. B. Howe. E. A. Sothern was to take his benefit on July 11th, and the season was to close on the 15th with a benefit to Mr. Buckstone....."No Thoroughfare," after a run of one hundred and fifty-one nights, was withdrawn from the Adelphi on June 20th, and on the 22d Charles Mathews commenced an engagement in the drama of "The Day of Reckoning." On the 23d Mr. Neville took a benefit and appeared in "Hamlet".....Mr. Andrew Halliday is engaged on a new and original domestic drama for the New Royalty. A burlesque on "Norma," by the author of "The Merry Zingara," will be produced at this theatre after the summer recess.....Robertson's play of "Caste" has been successfully revived at the Prince of Wales' Theatre.....At the Britannia an original Irish drama entitled "Fred Frolic" was produced on June 22d. Like the majority of Irish pieces it is said to boast of a large amount of love-making, fighting and other amusements supposed to be of a specially Hibernian nature.....The Marylebone was announced to close its season on June 27th. The burlesque of "The Lady of the Dape and Deary, or Jack Sheppard," announced for representation on June 22d, was not produced, as the Lord Chamberlain refused to license it on account of the subject being the same as that of plays already prohibited.....'Fowl Play, or a Story of Calkkin Hazard," is the title of a piece of extravagance by F. C. Burnand, produced at the Queen's theatre on June 20th. The *Times*, in a lengthy notice of it, says:—"Like all recent burlesques from the same pen, it is almost devoid of literary merit. It has, however, so much go, such good stage business, and such riotous absurdity of situation that it convulses with laughter an audience. The plot of the famous drama it parodies is closely followed, so closely, indeed, that but for the wonderful costumes and the extravagant acting it would not be difficult to fancy that some scenes were taken from the original piece'"—"Foul Play."....At the Olympic a season of English Opera was commenced on June 20th by Mr. J. Russell. An adaptation of the "Grand Duchess" was given, with Miss Howard Paul as the Duchess, Henry Drayton as Gen. Boom (previously played by Aynesty Cook,) and Wilford Morgan as Fritz.....Charles Pope has been giving Shaksperean performances at the Cabinet Theatre. On June 20th he appeared as Shylock.....No changes calling for comment have occurred at the Strand, Holborn and Grecian Theatres, nor at the Holborn Amphitheatre. On two nights only has there been a change at the New Royalty. On June 24th the benefit of Miss Oliver took place before a crowded audience. On this occasion Miss Addison appeared in "Highly Improbable;" "The Merry Zingara" followed; Mr. Clarke and Mr. Dewar then appeared in "The Bonnie Fishwife," the entertainment winding up with selections from "Black-Eyed Susan," in which Miss Oliver played her original part of "Black-Eyed Susan." So attractive was the entertainment, it was repeated the following evening.....The "Cricket on the Hearth" and "Out for a Spree" have been performed at the Alexandra.....The spectacle of "St. George and the Dragon" has been produced at the Victoria, Mr. Powell appearing as the knight. "Dmorah" has been the concluding piece.....At the New East London "Such is Life" and "The Four Knaves" have been revived.....Prof. Risley's Japs closed their engagement at the Lyceum on June 27th.....Miss Nellson appeared at the Princess' theatre on June 23d as Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet." She is said to have been successful, and came nearer Shakespeare's idea of the character than has been witnessed for some time. Basil Potter played Tybalt, Dominick Murray the Apothecary, and Miss Elsworthy the Nurse.....The New Amphitheatre, Holborn, is said to be doing a good business under the management of Thomas McCollum, an equestrian, well known in this country, and who, it will be remembered, was in the company with Hiram Franklin just before he was lost at sea.....The City of London is open under the management of Messrs. Harmer, Wright, Lane and Rogers.....Mr. Mapleson talks of bringing his Italian Opera Troupe to America in the fall for a season at the Academy of Music, this city. Miss Kel'ogg will accompany the troupe.....Herr Leopold Auer, the celebrated Hungarian violinist, has become the owner of one of the fine Stradnarius violins, date 1711, from the Plowden collection, for which he has paid £350 to Mr. Hart, of Princes street, Leicester square.....Mr. Mapleson takes a benefit at Crystal Palace on the 18th inst. In addition to all the usual amusements, there will be represented, for the first time in its history, a real opera, with all the great *artistes*, costumes, scenery and decorations. The opera is Mozart's "Le Nozze de Figaro," with the three great *prima donne* to interpret its transcendant music—Titiens, Christine Nilsson and Clara Louise Kellogg. The whole scene during the day and night at the Crystal Palace will be full of animation, beauty and grandeur: a grand concert at four o'clock; military bands in the grounds at half past seven; a complete opera, with full stage effects, at half past eight, and in the afternoon the display of cascades and fountains, and at night a festival of fireworks which is to eclipse all previous displays, even that on the notable night distinguished by the presence of the Sultan of Turkey.....Carrie Nelson is recovering from her recent illness and will shortly reappear on the London stage.....Henry Gilbert, scenic artist, died on July 19th, aged 47 years.

PARIS THEATRICALS.—During the week ending June 20th the Theatre Rossini, situated at Passy, near Paris, was offered for auction, and knocked down for 183,000 francs. It is said to have cost over 325,000 francs.....A new *lever du rideau*, "Le Prince Tots," has been produced at the Gaite. Its authors are MM. Emile Abraham and Jules Prevel.....'Le Comte d'Essex" has been transported from the Chatelet to the Prince Imperial. The former house is closed, but will soon reopen with Menken in her piece, entitled "Les Pirates de la Savane."..... Two new representations are about to take place at the Folies Marigny, those of "Pierrot Partant," a two act vaudeville pantomime, by M. Alexandre Flan, with an introduction in verse, and "Les Premiers Armes de Joseph Citrouillard," a farce, by MM. Commerson and Henri Normand.....The representations at the Salle Ventadour of M. Dumas' play, "Madame de Chamblay," have been suspended in consequence, it is said, of the illness of one of the representatives. Report, however, hints that the piece is a failure.....The new Vaudeville Theatre is now completed so far as the external walls are concerned. It will not, however, be opened before the first day of the next year. A new piece by M. Sardou will be produced at the present Vaudeville Theatre after the popularity of "L'Abime" is exhausted.....M. Vois, of the Opera Comique, has been engaged at the Gymnase. M. Train will also appear at the same house. Several novelties are in preparation at this theatre; among them may be mentioned "Les Mars sont Esclaves," a three act comedy by M. de Leris; "Les Soullers," a one-act vaudeville of anonymous authorship, and "Diderot," a one act comedy, by MM. Michel Carre and Raymond Deslandes.

THE LEOPOLD TROUPE, with Taylor, Tom Lacy and G. A. F. Wood, were performing at Brisbane in May.

JOHN S. CLARKE is announced for an early appearance in Edinburgh.

ACCIDENT TO ETHARDO.—This celebrated gymnast met with an accident at York, Eng., on June 20th, during the removal of the apparatus upon which he performs his spiral ascension act. All had been removed except the pole, which is in two parts, the bottom of the upper half being let into a socket in the top of the lower. To get down the upper half another long pole had been fastened to the lower, and upon this Simmons, his assistant, was engaged at an elevation of about thirty feet, and Ethardo a little below him, when one of the stays gave way, and the poles and those upon them came down to the ground with a sudden crash. Ethardo, by his agility, succeeded in saving himself from harm, with the exception of a severe shaking, but Simmons was for long insensible, and had to have surgical attendance. During the day he came round again, but though just able to walk he appeared to suffer severely from his accident.

LONDON MUSIC HALLS.—At the Metropolitan, Miss Kate Santley, a serio comic vocalist, has appeared with success, and is assisted by Stead in the "Cure," Emma Kerridge, Miss Fenhoulet, Georgiana Smithson and Mr. St. Albyn. Mr. and Mrs. Brennan appear in a duologue entertainment, while the Brothers Frantz go through a series of calisthenic performances.....The Philharmonic has an array of comic vocalists in Arthur Lloyd, Stead, Fred. French, Vance and Harry Sydney. The singing of the "Sabre" by Mad. Donti is well spoken of, also the sisters Mondini and Mlle. Mazani, who appear in dances. M. and Mad. Senyah also appear in gymnastic feats.....T. H. Wilson, manager of the Winchester, took a benefit on June 23d, when the Sisters Lascelles executed a French quadrille similar to the Cancan. Lottie Walton, Frank Barnes, Asa Cushman, Joey Tennyson, Lottie Cherry and a host of other volunteers appeared..... At the Sun, comic songs and gymnastic performances form the staple attractions. Mlle. Frantz, gymnast, the Chantrell Family, Fernando Fleury, Frank Wood (the last two Americans), Harry Rickards and Jolly Nash are in the company.....Niblo is the name of a party announced as the "Great American Gymnast," who is shortly to appear at the Canterbury.....The Strand will open as a theatre in December.

MISS MARRIOTT commenced an engagement in Liverpool, Eng. at the Amphitheatre, on June 22d, in "Hamlet," which was repeated on the 24th, followed on the 25th by "Peg Woffington."

WILSON AND MONTAGUE CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS continue at St. James' Hall, Liverpool.

FRANK DREW was at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, the week ending June 27th. He had appeared with success as Michael Feeny, in "Arrah Na Pogue."

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" has had a successful run at the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland. It was brought out by Mortimer Murdock, an English actor, lately performing at the Bowery Theatre, this city.

J. F. CATHCART, who was in this country with the Keans, is playing star engagements through the provinces. He is to be in Leeds on the 20th inst.

J. H. SCRIDGE, LEWIS MYERS AND JAPANESE TOMMY, all of whom are well known in this country, having returned to London, Eng., after an extended tour through the provinces, are performing at the Britannia Theatre and the Metropolitan each evening.

BELL AND MYERS' MENAGERIE, now traveling through France, will be sold at public auction on August 3d, in Havre.

PROF. BISLEY'S JAPS commence a tour of the provinces early in September, opening in Birmingham and going thence to Sheffield, Leeds, and York *en route* to Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Belfast, Dublin, Limerick and Cork, returning to Liverpool and Manchester.

LOUISA PYNE'S ENGLISH COMIC OPERA COMPANY will shortly commence their second provincial tour.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS is announced to commence her American engagements in September.

MARIE WILTON'S COMEDY COMPANY, from London, open in Glasgow on the 13th inst., for three weeks, and go thence to Nottingham, Wolverhampton, Brighton and Bristol.

AMUSEMENTS.

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A succession of marvels. Doors turn into blank walls, boxes into chairs, walls into tables, billiard-tables into cages, puddings into heads, marketstalls into yachts, and sentry-boxes into steamboats, while boys grow in minutes from five years old to twenty.
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FOURTH WEEK of the talented and beautiful sisters In Mr. B. A. Baker's successful adaptation of
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With all the original music, arranged by
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Mr. J. C. Dunn, Mr. Welch Edwards, Mr. Geo. Lingard, Mr. T. B. Vilis, Mr. Chapman, and a full and efficient company.
Powerful Chorus, Beautiful Scenery, Appointments, etc.
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TO MANAGERS.—T. WELLS, of the principal London Theatres, and late secretary to Charles Hengler's Circus, is open to accept any engagement for the front of the house. No antipathy to travelling and not a "greenhorn." Would be glad to arrange with any gentleman wishing to start a Music Hall on the English plan. Address, 16 Beach street, New York city. 15-1t*

WOOD'S MUSEUM, Chicago.
FRANK E. AIKEN,
SOLE LESSEE AND MANAGER.
FALL SEASON COMMENCES ON MONDAY, AUGUST 10TH.
FIRST LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ENGAGED.
WILL PLEASE TAKE NOTICE OF THE CHANGE IN TIME OF OPENING. 15-1t*

FOR HIRE OR SALE. An ENTIRE NEW FIT-UP THEATRE FOR CONCERT HALLS, painted by one of the best London artists. Size, 12 ft. by 13 ft. 6 in., with splendid act-drop, green baize curtain, six scenes and wardrobe.
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THE BRILLIANT STAR, MISS ANNIE HINDLE, styled by the Provincial press "England's Greatest Character Vocalist." There is a quaintness of manner about Miss Hindle that the generality of Character Ladies do not seem to understand. She is subdued and quiet in everything she attempts, and in Male Characters Miss Hindle may be said to stand alone.—Hyde Press
MISS HINDLE will shortly arrive in this country.
15-1t* Address her care CLIPPER OFFICE.

THE BUCHANAN DRAMATIC COMPANY will close the season of ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT CONSECUTIVE WEEKS, at Gloucester, Mass., July 18th; will re-open Monday, September 14th. Persons wishing situations address the undersigned, at Gloucester. Enclose stamp or consider silence a negative; state lowest terms for one year. Must have superior trap-ady wardrobe and good appearance. None but STRICTLY TEMPERATE persons need apply; ladies' privileges are discharged immediately. McKEE BUCHANAN. 15-1t

LIVING CURIOSITIES Who wish to make a winter's engagement at the Crescent City Museum will take notice that the Museum will open on or about the 15th of September next. Giants, Fat People, Dwarfs, Skeletons, Circassians, Albinos and all other wonders will send their address, with photographs, to CLARK T. AMES,
Crescent City Museum,
15-6m 40 and 42 St. Charles st., New Orleans, La.

M'LLE FISHURE, PREMIERE DANSEUSE, and ED. E. FISHURE, ARTIST,
May be addressed on business, or otherwise, at their residence at Indianola, Ill. I have for sale or to let my Improved Calcium Lights, with or without a man to work them. All kinds of stage fireworks at low rates. I also make every description of properties and appointments for every class of entertainment.
15-1t* until Aug. 15: afterwards 16 Lewis st., N. Y. City.

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Is prepared to negotiate with a RESPONSIBLE MANAGER for the Fall and Winter season of 1868 and '69. Address
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MRS. MARIE WILKINS Is at liberty to negotiate with responsible managers for FIRST OLD WOMEN AND CHARACTERS, or LEADING HEAVY BUSINESS, for the coming regular season. Address
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WILLIAM ARMSTRONG And his wife, JEANETTE, are at liberty to engage with any responsible Circus manager for the balance of the season. Address care LAFE NIXON, Carleton House,
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It is therefore respectfully requested that all members of their company will be in attendance early on the above date.
15-1t HANLON BROS.

THEATRE COMIQUE, BOSTON. Parties wishing to make arrangements for the use of the THEATRE COMIQUE during the month of July and August, please address J. WENTWORTH,
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BESSIE CLIFTON, FIRST OLD WOMAN AND CHARACTER,
Can be engaged by responsible managers by addressing BOX 945,
15-1t* P. O., Chicago, Ill.

TO MANAGERS. MR. GEO. A. FLORANCE, Leader of Orchestra and Brass Band. MRS. GEO. A. FLORANCE, Pianist and Vocalist.
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PERFORMERS and MUSICIANS WANTED FOR CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL TROUPE.
Good performers in every line, both male and female, and good musicians that can play brass and string; one extra good lady danseuse; one good brass band leader; one good orchestra leader; one good property man; one year's engagement. Address or apply to
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Can be engaged by addressing his agents,
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WANTED.—A first class Variety Company, a good Property Man and Stage Carpenter, 2d Young Ladies for the Ballet. Artists of ability and sobriety will find it to their interest to address H. J., Clipper Office, stating lowest salary, business, etc. Enclose no stamp; consider silence a negative. 15-1t

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"The largest and most brilliant gathering of the flower of St. Paul society we ever saw at a lecture welcomed the beautiful and brilliant Miss Logan. Beautiful and brilliant she surely is, in the highest degree, as she stands before her audience in her silks, laces and diamonds, firing off a ceaseless fusillade of fun, epigram, anecdote and eloquence."—St. Paul Pioneer. 49-3m*

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Talent of acknowledged ability in the Variety Line, including Contortionists, Trapeze and Sensation Performers, will be treated liberally. Address
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For rent or lease to responsible parties, on very favorable terms.
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Proprietor and Manager.....H. CORRI.
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FALL AND WINTER SEASON OF 1868 AND '69,
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☞ STARS WISHING TIME WILL BE LIBERALLY TREATED WITH.

During the month of August the Academy of Music will be let on reasonable terms to respectable traveling companies, not dramatic.
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And his wife,
LUCY MONTALDI, GYMNAST AND EQUESTRIENNE,
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Artistes of acknowledged abilities having
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Will be liberally treated with by addressing
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CHAS. H. H. BROOM.....Proprietor
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THE MODEL MUSIC HALL OF THE GREAT WEST.
Open the year round. Talent of acknowledged ability can always secure lengthy engagements by addressing Stage Manager.
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C. T. PARSLOE, 566 Broadway, N. Y.
33-tf

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SOUTHERN DRAMATIC
MUSICAL AND EQUESTRIAN
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All First Class Performers in the above line of business—our facilities being such we will be able to give entire satisfaction.
We are also prepared to furnish
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[illegible] August 8th, will please address
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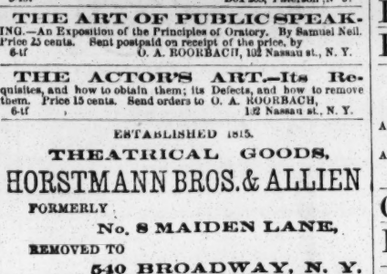

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